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Opening new doorways of knowledge about Newfoundland

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ST. JOHN'S NFLD. SEPTEMBER, 1959

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Photo courtesy of Capt. Geo. Whiteley.

The "Home of the Water Spirits" — the Grand Falls, Hamilton River, Labrador. (See Page 13)

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ST. JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

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CONTENTS

PRODUCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

There has been much publicity and comment over the past few weeks on the poor quality of Mainland vegetables, particularly potatoes, which have been reaching the Newfoundland markets.

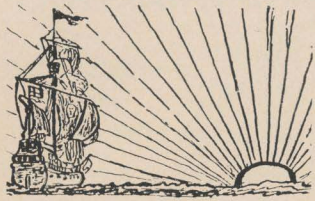
Many dealers in Newfoundland who over the past few weeks have had difficulty with their potato supplies, have now turned more than ever to our local farmers for their vegetable requirements. Local crops are now reaching maturity and are becoming available in increasing quantities. Apart from the usual good flavour of the local product, this year our farmers are very fortunate in that there is little or no blight in their crops. As a matter of fact, in spite of a very late start, we are experiencing one of the best potato crops in Newfoundland in the past ten years.

Both cabbage and turnips are of excellent quality, too, this year and are available in relatively large supplies. It is felt, therefore, at this time that dealers would do well to handle as much local produce as possible if they wish to supply their customers with produce which has both the desirable flavour and quality.

A word to our farmers at this time on the matter of the grading and packaging of their products may be in order. While, for the most part, our farmers do a conscientious job of grading and packaging their products to meet the standards required under our Vegetable Grading Regulations, there are always an unscrupulous few who will always try to get by some produce which is not up to standard. In the present circumstances and always, particularly now when there is such a demand for local products, every farmer should see to it that nothing but top quality produce is packed and put on the market.

Any farmer who would like to have advice and information on the grading and packaging of his produce, can obtain the same by contacting either the Division of Agriculture of the Department of Mines and Resources or his local Agricultural Fieldman. The Department also maintains an Inspection Service for consumer protection and we shall do everything possible to maintain quality produce as and where we find it.—Dept. of Mines and Resources.

The editor regrets that because of illness the Fall Edition of the Quarterly is late in being Published. We hope to get back on schedule as soon as possible.



CONVOYING IN 1813

By LARBOARD WATCH

The convoy is no new thing under the sun in the experience of British seamen. One hundred and forty-six years ago Britain's men-of-war were engaged in convoy service on the Atlantic. At that time England, France and the United States of America were at war and vessels going to Newfoundland or Canada were in danger of being attacked by frigates of the French and American navies as well as by roving pirates. In an old book entitled, "A Voyage to Newfoundland," the author, Lieut. Edward Chappell, R.N., has described his experiences on board His Majesty's Ship Rosamond during a season of convoying in the year 1813. As one reads this old book he cannot but be struck with the great change that has come about in the business of sailing on the high seas since the day when Lieut. Chappell paced the quarter deck and kept a look-out for hostile craft. It is interesting to compare convoying as it is to-day with convoying as it was a hundred and forty-six years ago.

To-day convoys are made up of steam-propelled ships whose tonnage is reckoned in thousands; in 1813 the ships of the convoy were wooden sailing ships whose tonnage was reckoned in hundreds, sometimes even in tens. Today the ships that guard the convoy are sleek steel warships heavily armed and equipped with the most modern mechanisms and devices; one hundred and forty-six years ago the convoying ships also were wooden sailing ships such as we associate with Nelson, and Drake. Today the voyage across the Atlantic can be made in a week or less; at that time it took many weeks. To-day the convoy is in danger from the submarine and the bomber as well as from the surface raider; then the seaman had at least one advantage—he had only what could be seen on the surface of the ocean to fear. He was not in danger from lurking underseas craft, or from destruction that might drop upon him at any moment from the skies.

In the early part of February, 1813, the H.M.S. Rosamond, then lying at Spithead, was ordered to go to Cove of Cork in order to collect the first spring convoy bound for Newfoundland, Halifax, and the River St. Lawrence. This convoy, consisting of fifty sail, put out from Cork about the end of April. The convoying ships included: the Crescent, the commodore ship —commanded by Captain Quilliam; the Rosamond, commanded by Captain Campbell; the Dryad, and the Comus. Land was sighted at Cape Race on the 21st of May. Here the ships parted company. Captain Quilliam sailed for Canada taking with him that part of the convoy which was bound there. The others turned toward St. John's but due to ice and fog they did not reach that port until the 10th of June. Lieut. Chappell remarks that when the Rosamond entered the harbour of St. John's they saw above the water the masts of a large ship that had been forced by the swell upon the rocks beneath the lighthouse point. "We were afterwards concerned to hear", he says, "that the unfortunate vessel in question was one of the ships that had sailed from Cork in our convoy about six weeks before."

During the summer the Rosamond was engaged in patrol duty in the Straits of Belle Isle and along the southern part of the Labrador coast. In the fall she returned to St. John's, and then, after a few weeks cruising along the South-west part of Newfoundland on Surrogate-court duty, preparations were made to join the fall convoy going back to England. Chappell speaks of this as the "Admiral's convoy." He did so because the Admiral, who was also the Governor of the island, and who, in those days, returned to England at the close of the fishing season, acted as commodore of the returning convoy.

The admiral's convoy of 1813 set sail from St. Johns on the 14th of December. The convoying ships were: The Bellerophon, commanded by the admiral Sir Richard Keats; the Rosamond, still commanded by Captain Campbell; and the schooner Adonis, commanded by Lieut. Buchan. About a week after they left port the admiral departed on a more southerly course and left the command of the convoy to Captain Campbell.

Knowing that there were several French and American frigates abroad on the Atlantic, and having but two ships—the Rosamond with only twenty-six guns, and the Adonis with not more than ten—with which to defend his charge, Captain Campbell planned a course of action to be followed in case of attack. He resolved, in case they fell in with a French or American frigate to lay her on board and endeavour to carry the decks by storm. In order that, in such an event, they might be able to distinguish friends from foes each officer and sailor of the two vessels wore white scarfs round both arms.

About two weeks after they left St. John's they were overtaken by a storm that scattered the convoy. When the gale had subsided there was not another ship within sight of the Rosamond. Captain Campbell, after looking about for some time for other members of the company, but without success, resumed his course toward England.

A few days later a large ship was sighted on the weather bow. The Rosamond immediately gave chase. When they had overtaken the stranger he hailed them saying that he was an Englishman. He also requested that a boat be sent to him. A young midshipman was sent on board. He soon returned "accompanied by an officer in regimentals with a large pair of mustachios." This person requested a private audience of Captain Campbell, and was conducted by the latter to his cabin."

The officers of the Rosamond, all curiosity concerning "the gentleman in mustachios," eagerly pressed the midshipman for information about him. The midshipman, however, had very little to give. He said that his pronunciation had a strong foreign accent so he supposed that he was a Frenchman. When the mystery was at length cleared up it was discovered that the stranger was, to quote the words of Lieut. Chappell, "one of the most distinguished of our Caledonian heroes, in fact, no less a personage than the gallant Colonel Grant, Aid-de-camp to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent."

The story told to Captain Campbell by Colonel Grant was as follows: He was on his way to England from Spain when his ship was captured by two French frigates. The Frenchmen had at the time so many prisoners on their hands that they selected Colonel Grant's vessel "to answer the purpose of a cartel into which they huddled the whole of their English captives," and set him free evidently unaware of the high rank which he held in the British army.

In visitng the Rosamond the Colonel had come to reveal to the captain the inefficiency of the French frigates, and also to lay a complaint against the English sailors who had been forced upon him. He charged that as soon as the frigates had departed these sailors had plundered the ship taking "linens and cambrics to a considerable amount." They had threatened to run the cartel on shore "to avoid being impressed on board a man of war," and "to complete their mischief they fell to work upon the porter and hams belonging to the master of the ship which they wasted and devoured in a shameful manner." To remedy matters thirty of the "leading mutineers" were transferred to the crew of the Rosamond.

About eight o'clock on the day following the encounter with the cartel the Rosamond sighted another vessel and immediately started off in pursuit. "We were delighted to observe," says Lieut. Chappel, "that the stranger also crowded all her canvas as if to escape." By four in the afternoon they had overhauled him. They hoisted their ensign. The stranger ran up the Portuguese flag.

"What ship is that?" shouted Captain Campbell.

"Portugueza fregata," was the reply.

"Shorten sail, and send your boat to us," commanded Captain Campbell.

These orders were immediately obeyed.

Here is the story of what followed as it is told by Lieut. Chappell:

"When the master of the vessel came to us, he shook Captain Campbell very heartily by the hand, declaring, in broken English, that he was 'ver glad to find us friends'; for he had at first imagined the Rosamond to be 'von damn Frenchesman.' He went down to the cabin with great cheerfulness, to have his papers examined; and our First Lieutenant was sent to inspect the apparent Portuguese ship.

Whilst we were busily employed in securing our guns, and putting everything in order, the First Lieutenant hailed from the strange ship to say that she was a prize! The author immediately descended to the Captain's cabin, and informed him of this report; when the poor Frenchman (for such in reality he was) shrugged up his shoulders, and exclaimed, "Ah mon Dieu! 'tis too true; I am no Portugueza, but a French prize bound to Bordeaux."

Upon examination the vessel in question proved to be a large and very valuable Portuguese Brazil ship laden principally with cochineal, indigo, cocoa, and drugs. She had been captured by a famous French privateer, called the Duchesne and was prosecuting her voyage to France at the time the Rosamond so providentially overtook her.

When the First Lieutenant returned he stated that having found all the sailors in red caps similar to those worn by the Portuguese seamen he had very nearly become a dupe to their stratagem; but on looking into the main hold he distinguished a low moaning as if proceeding from some person confined in a box. Searching farther he discovered a man bound and gagged whom he instantly released. The moment the poor fellow could use his tongue, he exclaimed to the officer, 'Dis ship Sare, is von Portugueza; and dese rascals (pointing to the men in red caps) are not my countramans, but French tieves, who stoppee my mouth, because dey 'afraid me inform 'gainst dem.'

We were employed during the whole night in securing our prisoners, and sending provisions, water, and people on board our prize, the Minerva. It was well we used such expedition as a gale came on the following morning attended with so thick a mist that we were soon separated from the prize and heard no more of her until the Rosamond arrived in England."

"A few days subsequent to this affair," continues Lieut. Chappell, "we saw a schooner and a brig to windward which we believed to be the Adonis with one of our late convoy. We afterwards learnt that our conjecture was not erroneous in this respect. At length, having had much beating about with contrary and stormy winds, we came in sight of the Scilly Islands, and in a few days afterwards anchored at Spithead from whence the Rosamond had been absent nearly twelve months.

Our fears had been much excited for the safety of our convoy and the Minerva prize as the enemy's cruisers absolutely swarmed about this time in the British Channel, and Buonaparte, as a dying effort against our victorious Government, had sent to sea all the French frigates that he could possibly muster. We were therefore much rejoiced to learn that our prize had reached Plymouth in safety although she had been hotly pursued by an American privateer. Our convoy had been attacked by a French squadron, and the Adonis had escaped from them by throwing her guns overboard."

"I cant help feelin' lonesome for the old ships that have gone,
For the sight of tropic sunsets, and the hour before the dawn;
And the white sails pullin' stoutly to a warm and steady draft,
And the smell o' roastin' coffee, and the watches musterin' aft."

MEMORIES OF AN OLDTIMER

By ERNEST TILLY

It was seventy-seven years ago at 2 a.m. this morning, Bird Islands time when I arrived. Not only myself but Bird Islands, Newfoundland and the whole world has changed vastly in these near eighty years. That is why I am sitting here now trying to put on paper the story of my childhood, my early manhood, and to tell a little about the lives of these great men and women, the old timers, grandfathers and grannys of my childhood days. I know that no one can picture them as they really were. If one could, no one would believe the story. So I will just tell a little here and there of what I ran up against myself some sixty years or more ago. This is on my seventy-seventh birthday, April 15th, 1950.

But the play goes on and I still had my three R's to attend to, but my father seemed to like to have me working most of the time in the store or behind the counter in the shop. There was plenty to do in both places too, for in the early eighty's there were no canned goods on the shelves, and bolts of cottons, ginghams, winceys, coburgs, swanskins, moleskins, tweeds, flannels and other goods filled the shelves, taking the place of finished goods of any kind. The first packaged goods of any kind that I remember was a French brand of coffee and Lipton's tea.

Uncle Dick Grant, who had charge of the shop, kept a sharp eye on me when I was working, but down at the store it was different; they were not so strict but it was heavier work. Here were piles of barrels of flour, salt pork, beef, puncheons of molasses and many other things. It was also down near the wharf and convenient when unloading goods from the lighters which ferried from the ships to shore or when loading salt fish for shipment. It was a long, two storey building and very large, built, as I have said before, the year the Great Eastern landed the cable at Heart's Content, and we called it the Great Eastern because of the time it was built, and its size.

Now it was late April and not much doing generally at the store but we were busy this morning for a pan of seals from the sealer Nimrod, Captain Cummings, had come in near the land off the Lower Flower's Point, and the people of Muddy Brook had salvaged quite a lot of pelts. Ben Baker was busy now weighing the pelts which weighed an average of forty-two pounds—worth to their owners about one dollar, and as usual there were a lot of people there watching the goings-on.

Father was standing near, and I noticed Thomas Porter was talking to him. Tom was a big, tall, strong and sturdy Newfoundlander and weighed around two hundred pounds. He was asking father for something.

Father said: "No, Tom," as I came near, "but I will make a proposition to you."

Now I noticed that the men who had been standing around near them were interested in what they were saying, so I moved closer, and heard father say:

"I will not give you any more credit now until the time the note says, but if you really want some twenty pounds of pork as bad as I heard you say you did, you can earn it in no time at all if you are as good as you think."

"What do'ee mean, Arter?" he asked.

"Just this, Tom, pick out one of those barrels of pork, any one, and I will have some of the men help you roll it up on the pile in there till you can get it on your back. How you do it from there on is your business. As for me, you have only to carry it out through that door there, some fifty feet, and then another hundred and fifty feet out through the gate to the road. Drop it as soon as you want to afterward, but if you get it past the line of the fence onto the road off my land, it is yours. And, Tom, I saw you last fall handling barrels of flour alone, putting them on your hand cart while a lot watched; you were showing off a bit. A barrel of flour weighs about two hundred pounds; the pork barrels weigh rising three hundred pounds. It is a big turn but I think you can do it; anyway a good try will get you a barrel of pork."

Tom had the barrel of pork placed where he wanted; he took a long breath, got under his load, and started. He got along fine, heading the crowd, until he got close to the gate. Just then a horse and dray were passing and he forgot for a second what he was doing. He stumbled, almost fell then went on the run through the gate and just made it. He fell face down, and the barrel went out in the road.

Everyone was looking at father now as Tom got to his feet, wondering what the decision would be; it was touch and go. "Did I do it, Arter?" Tom asked.

"What did I say there in the store?" father said. "I said this: If, after you took it on your back, the next time it touched the ground was on the road, it was yours. You have done it and that barrel of pork now is yours, Tom."

"Thanks, Arter, thanks; but, Arter, I don't think I could do it again. That barrel is nearer four hundred pounds than three and I don't figure any more lugging now, either. I'll just roll it over to the fence yonder and go get the hand cart. Thanks, Arter, no one else but 'ee would have given me the chance to try."

Around the first of May there was always plenty to do as the Sharemen for the summer fishery, after signing their agreements, went on the collar about the first of May. The boats, flakes and fishing tackle had to be made ready; perhaps even a few net moorings, so-called Killicks, had to be made. A Killick is a wooden anchor and goes back to the year one. It is easy to make and costs almost nothing while iron grapnels cost a lot. So fishermen, when they can, use Killicks. How are they made? The stone center might weigh anywhere from five to fifty pounds. It is oblong and as near square on the ends and sides as it could be made. The front, or holding end, is made of two pieces of strong spruce, fastened together with wooden pins or

dowels, forming flukes. The stone weight is placed end up on top. Now eight pieces of tough spruce, about one and a half inches in diameter is nailed to the claws so that there are two on each side of the corner of the stone passing some thirty inches beyond the end. Now the several loose ends are securely fastened with turns of light rope. This made a good mooring for all nets, trawls, or permanent boat moorings. The objection to them was that they were clumsy. In fact they held better on the bottom than any grapnel or anchor, for their weight. I mention Killicks in particular because it seemed wherever you looked there was one.

Today as I was down to the store, I could see Uncle Tom's boys getting ready to put out their herring net. I asked could I come. "Come on," Bill hollered. I called to whoever was in the store I would be gone for a while, and went. They were setting the net off John White's place inside the White Ground.

A herring net is quite a contraption but easy to set. You just drop the Killick. The upper end of this rope mooring is fastened to a large, wooden buoy some four feet long by eighteen inches in diameter. The net, some thirty fathoms long, is fastened to the mooring and then carefully paid out from the boat. It must set perfect up and down, or it is no good. A herring net is set out different from any other fishing net I know of. The heads are kept in place by large corks some three feet apart from which light cords connect the lead rope which is about four feet below the surface. I watched everything closely, and helped when I could. It all seemed so easy to do. Now the net was out and Bill was fastening the buoy to the tail end of the head rope. Then they started to ship their oars. "Only one mooring?" I asked.

"To a herring net, only one," Tom said. "It is what we call a swinging net and not so easily torn up in a storm of the early spring or late fall which is when we might lose them in the rough water. If you want to come out with us be down tomorrow morning by seven o'clock; there's a good run of herring. Besides, we are going to put in an hour or so doing a little jigging for I hear Arthur Hill got a few nice fish the other morning."

I was up early the next morning and when I got down to Uncle Tom's the boys were just getting ready to go out to the net. It was a nice morning, with but little sea or wind. There was a good haul too, about a barrel. We reset the net and got ready to do a bit of jigging. The fishermen here in Bird Islands make their own jiggers of lead, using generally a copper mold. When finished it looks a good deal like a caplin, but larger, and yet not so big as a herring. It is a good likeness of a fish too. Two large cod hooks were fastened to the head end in the mold, one on each side of the head. This is the jigger end. The line fastened to the tail, and you are ready to jig.

We moved a little way from the net and lowered our jiggers. Bill said to me: "Let it touch bottom and then raise the jigger a couple of feet." As I lowered mine overboard I kind of jerked it around and it looked lively as I jerked the line back and forth. We fished a few minutes and then Bill, who had the sculling oar said: "Haul up, boys, we will go out where the water is a bit deeper."

(Continued on Page 38)

THE GREENSPOND SAGA—IN HISTORY, SONG AND STORY

By Dr. Robert Saunders, J.D. (Dr. Juris)
Graduate of Boston, New York, Columbia, Rutgers and Iowa State Universities, the College of Law of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Diploma in International Affairs, University of Minnesota.

This article is a study of Greenspond's toll in war. We could start it in no better way than quoting briefly from a classic poem of Colonel Theodore O'Hara, a Commander of Cavalry in the Great War of the Rebellion (1861-65) in America. Thus:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.
Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where strangers steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honour points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps . . .
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb. . . .

Although a careful check of the 487 men of Newfoundland's regiment who were killed, wounded and missing at Monchy Le Preux, April 14, 1917, I recognize no Greenspond name among them; although doubtless they were there. The Greenspond toll was taken in the great German drive in the Spring of 1918. However, I wish to respectfully dedicate this article to two gallant gentlemen who fell at Monchy, namely: Lieuts. Norman A. Outerbridge and John S. Stevenson (No. 238). Lieut. Outerbridge was an officer in the Church Lads Brigade and drilled me as a recruit in the C.L.B. in the fall of 1914. Lieutenant Stevenson (No. 238) whom I knew and admired was from Leeds, England. He lived and worked in St. John's. He was one of the first 540 from Newfoundland to cross over in October 1914. To these and all at Monchy we may paraphrase Col. Wilkinson's poem:—

"Mournfully to the muffled drum
At the smile of another day,
They put their gallant dead away,
By the wreckage of Monchy-le-Preux."

Let us not think that Greenspond's connection with wars on land and sea started in 1914. Some contact goes back to the days of the press gang; although Newfoundland's fishermen were—on account of the importance of a fish supply—exempt from service on warships. Thus one writng me from Greenspond says:—

"I was speaking of Darius Hoskins; he mentioned this old man (some relation of his, I believe) and told me about him, how he was taken off a British ship in some American port and pressed into service to fight in some war they were having over there."

Then we have in the Crimean War, Thomas Mullins, who lived "down the Harbour"; and I can remember him as a very old man. We have the official discharge of John Hoskins, who was mate on the ship "Terra Nova" trading between Poole in Dorset, and Newfoundland. Later we have his Honourable discharge from the U.S. Navy on July 1st. 1867, just after the peace that followed the great Civil War (1861-65). This official discharge reads in brief quotation:

"This is to certify that No. 234 John Hoskins a seaman, enlisted July 21, 1864 at New York for three years, 32 years of age, blue eyes etc . . . . as a testimonial of fidelity and obedience is this day Honourably Discharged from the U.S. ship "Marion" . . . and from the naval service of the United States etc. etc.

Approved T. M. Eastman, Commanding Officer
M. Zeaman, Paymaster.

(See here old good conduct medal, with picture of old ship "Constitution" and "U.S. Navy" engraving).

When the Boer War came in 1899, many Greenspond men were then working in the Sydney (N.S.) coal mines. Then the following men from Greenspond are to be found enlisted in Royal Canadian Regiment:—

George Carter (Newells Island), Lance Corporal; Herbert Burry, Lance Corporal; Edward Green (Ship Island); Arthur Burry (Newells Island); John Hunt (Newells Island), Lance Corporal.

The data on them is as follows:—

"This information was given me by Skipper or Captain George Carter whose name you see among the list. For a number of years he was captain of fishing vessels . . . all the above mentioned enlisted at North Sydney where they were working . . . they went to Halifax for training in the old Royal Canadian Regiment. Age averaged about 19 years. Training period eleven months."

My correspondent remarks:

"Herbert Burry belonged over on the Point (Wings Island) Pond Head you may remember."

Yes, as a boy I remember, and the data is correct, for I saw him in Greenspond on furlough, I suppose, with the gait and bearing of an English soldier.

We now come to the days of the old Royal Naval Reserve formed around 1903. The following are some of the original members from Greenspond, now just about all passed on: Charles Downer, Benjamin Carter, Thomas Saunders, Darius Smith, Edward Samson, Augustus Carter, Arthur Carter, etc. Although we have no complete list of men in that corps up to and including the first World War: Captain Llewellyn Lush, who was one of the early naval men, supplies other names in a very informative letter to me in January 1958:—"Bert Osmond, Edgar Button, Baxter Chaytor (See photo

BOB WHITE

BAXTER CHAYTOR

WALTER STRATTON

ARTHUR CHAYTOR

HARVEY BROWN

here) Augustus Parsons, John Parsons (brothers) Samuel Carter (Captain Peter's son) Abram Burry, Augustus Carter, Fred Carter (brothers) yours truly Llewellyn Lush, Joseph Lush (brothers) Frank Green."

Of the above, I can say that the following have passed on: Charles Downer, Thomas Saunders, Darius Smith, Arthur Carter.

There was, too, Captain Frank Green, who passed away in Halifax a year or more ago as Captain Lush says. He also significantly mentions others who have passed to the other side:—Joseph Lush (Captain Llew. brother) Baxter Chaytor (See photo here) Bert Osmond. And Captain Lush remarks to me:

"Sir, Greenspond was well represented in the 1914 war and the last war. Some of her best manhood went over there. Some of them never returned."

In this respect I may mention a family or two that did pay the price, namely that of Mr. Kenneth J. Carter of the Newfoundland Regiment, now Chairman of the Civil Service Commission, who lost his brother George (whom I remember) in World War I then serving in a Nova Scotia Regiment; and Captain Arthur Carter who went through World War I in the Naval Reserve and was lost at sea while a chief officer in the Merchant Navy in World War II. Then there were the two brothers of Mr. W. J. Dewey: Joseph was killed in action just on the eve of the Armistice in 1918 and Pierce who had such a bad injury that his leg was amputated and it indirectly contributed to his death in Detroit a few years later.

Although positive evidence is difficult to obtain; but it seems certain that Greenspond was represented in Newfoundland's Naval Reserve that when on a cruise in the Newfoundland Squadron down the South America, a crisis arose in one of these countries and naval units were landed from the warships to put down the trouble. Pictures have been shown and articles written on that incident (in foreign magazines).

Space should be given to Pierce White, son of Fred White over "on the Main," Pierce in the Naval Reserve, had varied experiences, including service in Ireland during the 1916 troubles. As a personal touch I may say that Pierce got leave and came over to marry a first cousin of mine and from our house in St. John's.

There are certainly many others that have to be mentioned: Frank Hutchins (brother of Harold who was killed with the Newfoundland Regiment in World War I) who served in a Canadian Regiment. Lieut. Garland G. Burton whom we have mentioned in previous articles. William M. Dawe, son of Philip Dawe in the U.S. Navy, World War II and Robert White, born in Brooklyn, N.Y., and son of Skipper Jack and grandson of Captain Robert White, well known in Greenspond by older generation (See photo of Robert here, that he sent me from his service in the Pacific). At this time I would pay my respects to Robert's mother (my first cousin) and father, both passed away some years ago in Brooklyn. Their home was one that one could enjoy real Newfoundland hospitality.

There was George Smith (See photo here) son of Darius Smith, Royal Naval Reserve. George in Canadian Army.

My brother Llewellyn who was on the Kyle as Marconi Man (wireless operator) in her long fruitless search for the Southern Cross lost in the Spring of 1914, with over 170 men and a load of seals, left soon after to work for the Westinghouse Company in Pittsburgh. He was called in on the U. S. draft when it declared war. He passed on two years ago.

There was Sergeant Malcolm Bishop in the regiment in World War I and Eric in the Canadian flying corps at the same time. Eric in 1917 came to St. John's and visited my mother (as my mother and his were sisters, before he went over to France. Then there was Sergt. Robert Bragg, Newfoundland Regiment, World War I, and of the family of Robert Bragg, Sr., who commanded sealing vessels in other days: There is Frank White badly wounded in France in 1918 and since passed on. There was Reginald Oakley, who came home after discharge to manage a branch of Canadian bank on the West Coast.

This is a good time to insert briefly from Colonel J. R. Wilkinson's poems in Canada, thus:—

"Their ranks are formed for the last grand march
Down to the strange riverside—
The wonderful river all must reach,
That is deep and dark and wide.

They soon will have gained its margin—
God grant them safe transport o'er,
And a campfire and grand reunion,
A bivouac on the other shore."

It may not be out of place here to repeat from a former issue of the Quarterly, Lieut. Albert Davis of Newfoundland Regiment who passed on in Toronto last year, and Dr. Ned White, who was a student at a Canadian University when a rebellion broke out in the Northwest. He served that campaign as a stretcher bearer in Boultons Scouts.

The monument (See photos here of its opening in the early 1920's) and the Memorial Library (See photo here) with plaque on it containing nearly 60 names of those who served and six who paid the supreme sacrifice in World War II shows that the historic town of Greenspond has a great community spirit. Greenspond will never die while such points up to the sky.

"A grateful community has planted there
A monument towering high.
Their memory here to perpetuate,
Pointing ever to the sky."

This is perhaps a fitting place to recapitulate those who didn't come back:

World War I

Daniel Barrow, George Burry, George Carter, Reginald Carter, Charles Chaytor, Joseph Dewey, Harry Dominy, Edwin Edgar, Duncan Hoddinott, Edgar Hoskins, John Howse, Harold Hutchins, Fred Wicks, Harry Young.

World War II

Sergt. Reginald Carter, R.A.F., Allister Carter, Chief Officer, Arthur Carter, Pierce Hoskins, Wilfred Parsons, Cluney Blandford, and Madeleine Hunt, daughter of one of my sisters, served in "Canadian Air Force" in World War II.

I evidently had made an error in a previous article: for Captain Lush writes me: "Sir. I see by the "Greenspond Saga" that Charles Chaytor died as a prisoner of

(Continued on Page 36)

REGINALD BRAGG

GEORGE SMITH

NORMAN CHAYTOR

HMCS ATHABASKAN

View of Unveiling of Monument at Greenspond in Early 1930's.

NOTICE

To Operators of Tourists Establishments

1. Under The Tourist Establishment Amendment Regulations, 1957, all establishments catering to the travelling or vacationing public in the Province, must be in possession of a license from the Department of Tourist Development.

Establishments within the meanings of these regulations should obtain licences for the ensuing year on or before January 1st, 1958.

2. Penalties for failure to comply with the Tourist Establishments Regulations are provided for in Sec. 7, The Tourist Establishments Act (1950).

Every person who violates any of the provisions of any regulation made under this Act is guilty of an offence and liable on summary conviction to a fine of not more than one hundred dollars and in default of payment to imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months or to both such fine and imprisonment.

3. The term "Establishments" include the following classifications :

HOTELS	MOTELS
CABINS	CABIN ESTABLISHMENTS
INNS	INN ESTABLISHMENT
COTTAGES	COTTAGE ESTABLISHMENTS
LODGES	LODGE ESTABLISHMENTS
TOURIST HOMES	TRAILER ESTABLISHMENTS
GUEST HOUSES	AUTO COURTS

4. Where doubt exists as to the interpretation of the term "Establishments," clarification may be obtained from the Director of Tourist Development, St. John's.

5. Application form (Form 7) may be obtained from the

NEWFOUNDLAND TOURIST DEVELOPMENT OFFICE

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

THE "HOUSE OF THE WATER SPIRITS" AND THE LOSS OF THE "FALCON"

By CAPT. GEORGE C. WHITELEY, C.B.E.

Many visitors called and spent a night or a week or longer at the old Whiteley house at Bonne Esperance, Labrador. The house when built in the 1860's was the largest on the coast north of Quebec and people came from far and near to view it in the course of construction.

The home contained two huge 30 foot square rooms on the ground floor and accommodation for thirty people upstairs. It was built of hand-sawn seasonal pine and white oak by a carpenter imported from the Island of Jersey, and is still standing on the Coast to-day.

No record of the visitors to the great house was kept before 1911, but since then up to 1945 over 367 people had put their names in the visitors' book. It would be difficult to enumerate the people who came —they were of all types and from all grades of society. Many were distinguished travellers and internationally known people. They included Audubon, the famous Naturalist, John Greenleaf Whittier, the New England poet and, of course, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who often called in the course of plying his Mission up and down the Labrador Coast.

In 1911 came W. I. Bryant of Philadelphia, a well known lawyer and world renowned traveller. He brought with him R. W. Porter, his Chart-maker, and four men—two French Canadian and two Indians of the Montagnais tribe. Bryant had been commissioned by the Philadelphia Historical Society to penetrate the interior of Labrador and take pictures of the Grand Falls (Hamilton Falls)* of Labrador, which had never before been photographed.

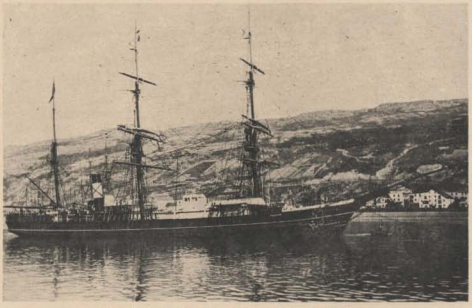
He had made plans to be picked up afterwards at Cartwright by the S.S. "FALCON", one of the Newfoundland sealing fleet, which he had chartered to carry him back to the United States. Bryant's party had come to Bonne Esperance by way of Quebec down the North Shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, arriving just too late to connect with the Newfoundland coastal steamer bound North, which meant a delay of twelve days. Mr. Porter spent his time doing water colour painting at which he was very good and the time passed quickly.

I had many talks with the two Indians as I had heard my father say that no Indian would go near the Falls. They had been known to go within ten miles, at which distance the roar of the turbulent waters could be heard, and on a clear spring day the mist of the Falls seen.

I asked the Indians how they had been induced to join the party. They told me that they were going against their own judgment as the Chief and the Head Medicine Man of the tribe had been strongly opposed to the venture. They said the Indian tribe to which they belonged had known about the Falls or Big Waters (the House of the Water Spirits), for many generations and it was common belief with them that it was not good for an Indian, or anyone, to look upon the Big Waters (the House of the Water Spirits). It was easy to see that they were not very happy about going. It was the high wages offered that had influenced them to join the party.

After the twelve days had passed, the Newfoundland boat called at Bonne Esperance and Bryant and

(Continued on Page 36)



One of Bowring Bros. old Sealing Fleet — S. S. Falcon.

GOVERNMENT OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Arts and Letters Competition, 1960

The Committee appointed by the Government to administer the Arts and Letters Competition brings to the attention of interested parties the following regulations and awards for 1960.

(a) For the best original historical account of neglected periods in our Island History.
Length 5000-8000 Words.
Awards $300.00—Second Choice $100.00.

(b) For the best original short story—5000 words (approximately).
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(c) For the best original poem.
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(d) For the best original Newfoundland ballad or "Come-All-Ye".
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(e) For the best original literary script of a dramatic type written for radio presentation.
Time of presentation 15 to 20 minutes.
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(f) For the best original oil painting.
Minimum size 12 x 20 inches. Maximum 15 sq. ft.
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(g) For the best original water colour painting.
Minimum size 12 x 20 inches.
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(h) For the best original picture in any medium other than oil, water color or photograph.
Maximum size 15 sq. ft.
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(i) For the best piece of original sculpture or woodcarving.
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

N.B. ENTRIES TO SECTIONS (a), (b), (c), (d) (e), (h), WILL BE LIMITED TO ONE ENTRY PER PERSON. SECTIONS (f), (g) (i) TO TWO ENTRIES PER PERSON.

All work must be submitted on or before February 15, 1960 to the Secretary of the Committee on Arts and Letters, Department of Education, and shall be accompanied by a signed statement to the effect that it is original and has not been published or exhibited. No collect shipments will be accepted.

ALL SCRIPTS MUST BE IN TYPEWRITTEN FORM. The name and address of the contributor must be clearly indicated in the upper right hand corner of the page.

Paintings or pictures must be framed in wooden frames and the name and address of the artist must be affixed to the back in such a manner as not to be visible to the judges. Names must be affixed to sculptured or woodcarving in similar manner.

All paintings must have attached, strap or wire with hooks for hanging. Title of painting must be listed.

No awards will be made where the entries submitted do not, in the opinion of the appointed judges, merit recognition. To ensure return of scripts, stamped and addressed return envelopes must be enclosed. The successful entries in all literary contests may be held by the Government for publication or otherwise.

ALL WORK SUBMITTED FOR COMPETITION MUST HAVE BEEN COMPLETED WITHIN THE PAST TWO YEARS.

All possible care will be taken of the works sent in, but the Committee will not be responsible for any loss, or damage by accident, theft, fire, or otherwise. The Committee assumes no responsibility for the safe transportation or insurance of any works.

The Committee will not be responsible for any entries submitted without full identification and return address.

In any or all classs the Committee may on the recommendation of the judges, award a special prize for work of outstanding merit.

N.B. ENTRANTS MUST BE ORDINARILY RESIDENTS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

OF SHIPWRECKS AND ROMANCE

By RICHARD F. WATSON

I have just finished reading for the second time a book entitled "N-by-E" written by Mr. Rockwell Kent, the famous artist, who has also illustrated his book. The story starts off with the building of a little sloop somewhere along the Hudson River, after which he sailed her along the New England and Nova Scotia coasts until the shores of Cape Breton have been reached. After that he starts on a journey up along the west coast of Newfoundland, passing through the Straits of Belle Isle and goes further along Labrador until he finds himself in some harbor in Greenland. Mr. Kent does not deal with any wrecks, but I recall one story my father used to tell of some such disaster that befell him with the close of the season as he was leaving Lance-au-Loup for home. It must have been stormy weather for, while sailing in the Straits, the vessel sprang a leak, probably through striking some submerged object whereupon it was decided to abandon ship. With the small boat alongside the crew piled in but my father hesitated while picturing some point of isolation on land where they might have to wait indefinitely until rescued. He had been reading a book called "The Witch's Head," a story by H. Rider Haggard who had written several books about the then unexplored region of the Dark Continent. Forthwith he ran back to the cabin, and under the protestations of the crew, with some cursing, to find the book, and then joined the ship's company.

Another wreck that I recall was that of the full rigged ship "Loyal" said to be of Norwegian registry. She was seen coming through the Straits that evening with all square sails and must have been a majestic sight. The night closed with a heavy fog and next morning news reached us that she had run aground and threatened to be a total loss. In some way Job Bros. was advised and they dispatched the "Neptune" in an effort to pull the vessel off but stormy weather in the meantime had ripped masts and rigging out of her and she turned bottom up to be at the mercy of those on shore, bent on salvaging the cargo if possible. I wonder if Captain George Whiteley recalls anything of this disaster. Rumor had it that she was originally the famous Clipper Ship "Dreadnaught."

Incidentally, I enjoyed reading Captain Whiteley's story of that poor little Eskimo lad who was taken from his Arctic home to the Chicago Exposition in 1893, and who later fell under the care and attention of Dr. Grenfell. Reminds me of something from scripture "And a little child shall lead them."

I have written about my last trip to Hant's Harbor, my birth-place, and would like to relate something in the way of romance while stopping at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock at Heart's Content. Mr. Woodcock was of somewhat small stature, mild mannered and a very agreeable gentleman. His wife was a very fine lady, rather buxom, ruling proudly her home as a queen upon her throne. The Woodcock's had two daughters, Lillian and May. I well remember attending evening service with Lily and was charmed with her shrill treble as she sang the Recessional Hymn "Hark, Hark, my soul," while her voice soared "singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night."

After I reached St. John's, I began corresponding with the fair Lily, but her mother evidently had other plans for she wired me one morning that she had sent both girls on the train from Harbour Grace to St. John's to be entered at the Littledale Convent to finish their education. I promptly wired back that I would meet them half way and started off so as to get aboard their incoming train near Topsail. It was then mid-winter with plenty of snow so that both trains were late in reaching Topsail. The result was that we did not arrive at St. John's until midnight, and as the old railroad station was at the eastern end of the city, the three of us had to trudge through the snow, the length of Water St., until we came to our house which was located near the Waterford Bridge. Entering the house, which was in darkness, roused my father, who appeared at the top of the stairs in his night shirt, and holding an oil lamp somewhat on the order of the Statue of Liberty. I explained to him what had happened whereupon he woke up mother to inquire what should be done about housing the girls whereupon she promptly ordered that they should take possession of my bedroom and that I could find some sleeping accommodation on some chairs down in the dining room. I recall how proud I was that I could do this service and so give the girls their beauty sleep. In fact, I felt, as Sir Walter Raleigh must have felt, when he doffed his ermine cloak and placed it at the feet of his Queen so that her dainty shoes might not get muddy. Years later my father wrote me of the arrival at St. John's of Commander Robert E. Peary and his wife and again that bedroom of mine was placed at the disposal of the couple, making their first attempt to reach the North Pole. The city lay in ashes to a great extent, and I recall mother writing me how she had warmed towards Mrs. Peary who was approaching motherhood, while marvelling at the courage displayed on such a venture, since there were no hospital facilities available, as we all know, the farthest north white child was born somewhere in the Arctic last year.

Returning now to the fair Lily, she disappeared after entering the finishing school at the Convent so that I was prevented from seeing her for a time. I felt resentful and resolved that I would seek solace in my pipe. I had bought it some days before with a big yellow tin of "Dill's Best" tobacco, but after a few puffs I tore off my clothes and hurried to bed. This time I determined I would conquer Lady Nicotine, so, one night about midnight I dressed and walked the length of Water Street to the base of Signal Hill which I ascended, looking out at the broad Atlantic with the waves dashing on the rocks below.

(Continued on Page 35)

WHEN NEWFOUNDLAND HELPED SAVE CANADA

By Dr. Robert Saunders, J.D. (Dr. Juris)

Graduate of Boston, New York, Columbia, Rutgers and Iowa State University, the Colleges of Law of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Diploma in International Affairs, University of Minnesota.

The action at Sacketts Harbour in May 1813, I found to be perhaps the most obscure one of the War of 1812. This was no doubt due to the exaggerated claims and diversity of opinions at the time. Therefore extra research was necessary in order to present both sides of the struggle without bias.

Summed up, this action was one of several, all having in view a naval superiority on the Great Lakes. Both sides were continually contesting for superiority by surpirse moves and other means. Let us then briefly survey the thoughts and actions of the leaders on both sides. The Secretary of the Navy in Washington wrote Commodore Chauncey (See photo here) in strongest terms that: "The success of the ensuing campaign will depend absolutely upon our superiority on all the lakes" (cited by Lieut. Col. Cruikshank, in Royal Society, September 1916). Christie, writing a few years after the war says: 'On Lake Ontario the two naval Commanders strove with indefatigable emulation for the comman dof the Lake." General Dearborn (U.S.) to General Van Rensellaer, Oct 4, 1812: "I am apprehensive that the enemy might attempt a stroke at the naval armament preparing at Sackett's Harbour . . . it being of first importance" (Cruikshank) in his Documentary History). General Vincent (British) had assured Sir James Yeo . . . that he felt . . . secure . . . as long as the lake remained under his command (Ibid in Royal Soc. 1916)

"The British squadron, having for the present, a decided ascendency on Lake Ontario, blockaded Sackett's Harbour in order to intercept the supplies which might from time to time be forwarded from Oswego" (Christie) as Kirby said:

"Where wild Oswego spreads his swamps around
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

Even after the great General Brock fell on Queenstown Heights he advised:

"Attack Sackett's Harbour . . . with our present naval superiority it must fall. The troops at Niagara will be recalled for its protection. While they march, we sail; and before they can return the whole Niagara frontier will be ours" (Cited by Coffin).

Kingsford says: "Brock continues his preparations for the attempt upon Sacketts Harbour, on the proposition being submitted, Prevost refused his concurrence." Word says: "Brock hoped to strike at Sacketts Harbour before it was turned into the formidable base it afterwards became." And Coffin says: "The American shipwrights at Sacketts Harbour, through the energy of their Government, forereached, hand over hand, those in the British shipyards."

"The naval establishment at Sacketts Harbour in the meantime, increased with celerity, and the ascendency of their fleet on Lake Ontario was, by the exertions of Commodore Chauncey now almost established" (Christie). On January 19th, 1813 Lieut.-Col Bruyes wrote Prevost:—"I have consulted with Col. Vincent on the practicability of an expedition to destroy the American ships in Sacketts Harbour" (Wood Vol. 2). Both Kingston and Sacketts Harbour had, for a long time, been objects of mutual apprehension. Enterprises had been planned on both sides for destruction of either, as a sure means of naval supremacy and ultimate conquest. (Coffin).

From Sir James Yeo on board the "Wolfe" to Gov. Prevost we read:—

"I have this day had a long conference with Lieut. Le Breton (John Le Breton, Royal Newfoundland Regiment) who is just arrived from Lake Erie, every part of which he has visited. He appears to be a very clear-headed intelligent officer, and from what he has pointed out, I think their naval force at Presque Isle can be destroyed" (Wood Vol. 3).

Meanwhile small raids were made on British shipping to destroy men and equipment. Thus James Croil, writng nearly a century ago on "Dundas County" says:—

"A brigade of batteaux laden with military stores, en route from Montreal to Kingston under the escort of a detachment of the Newfoundland Regiment, commanded by Major Heathcote, and a flank company of the Dundas militia were suddenly attacked on 16th Sept. 1812 by about five hundred American militia. Major Heathcote had made preparations to defend the boats in case the enemy should attempt to disrupt his passage etc."

Robert Christie writing in 1818 on the Government of Sir George Prevost gives us a current versions thus:—

"A brigade of batteaux loaded with stores and about 138 troops under Major Heathcote of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment was surprised and nearly taken by a party of 500 Americans at Matilda in their route to Upper Canada. . . . They sent a party to secure one Toussaint, the only inhabitant upon the island. Toussaint foiled the design by getting into his canoe . . . while he shouting and making signals appraized the batteaux of their danger.

We now come to the trial of strength at Sacketts Harbour May 29, 1813. However, it took a lot of urging to move Governor Provost to the attack. Long ago as Dec. 19, 1812, he wrote Captain Gray. "It will require some consideration before I can determine whether under the circumstances, it would be proper to adopt it" (Wood Vol. 2). At this time General Brock advised "to send a person from Kingston to reconnoitre Sacketts Harbour." Lieut Marjoribernis was sent and reports that he could only see two square-rigged vessels in the harbour (Wood Vol. 3). Later Capt. Gray wrote the Governor that "Sacketts Harbour is not at present in a state to make any resistance against a coup de main if we were in sufficient force." (Cruikshank).

Commodore Chauncey (U.S.) wrote the Secretary of the Navy the day before the British invasion in 1813 that "The Fair America" and "Pert" I ordered to Sacketts Harbour for the purpose of watching the enemy's movements." (Niles Weekly Register, June 12, 1813).

The situation on the eve of the attack (May 28th) has been well put by Dr. William Canniff in his century-old "Settlement of Upper Canada," thus:—

(Continued on Page 31)

"The American fleet was bombarding Fort George . . . Under these circumstances it was resolved to make an attack upon Sacketts Harbour."

Coffin also writng a century ago says: "Expectation rose to the highest pitch when an attack upon Sacketts Harbour had been planned."

Gov. Provost (See photo here of him and Commodore Yeo) wrote Earl Bathurst in London that: "The situation of Upper Canada becoming extremely critical, I determined in attempting a diversion in Col. Vincent's favour and proceeding to Sacketts Harbour."" (cited in Cruikshank).

On the very day the enemy was attacking Fort George, the expedition left its main depot—Kingston.

This, however, is only a partial list; for a study of Cruikshank and Wood shows that about this time all ships had a compliment from Newfoundland. The Detroit had 38, Queen Charlotte 27, Lady Prevost 10, Hunter 8, Little Belt 6 and Chippawa 3 (Commodore Yeo's report cited in Cruikshank's Doc. History) The Sir Sidney Smith had 22, Beresford 27, The Earle of Moira 34, Melville 38 (Lieut-Col. Cruikshank, Royal Soc. Sept. 1916) The Erie had 4 (Ibid, in Doc. Hist.) and the Chippawa was later listed as having 7 from Newfoundland out of a total crew of 13. (Ibid) In a summary of six ships having a total of 268 men 54 were of the Newfoundland Regiment (Ibid).

Sir James Yeo conducted the landing from the

BRITISH COMMANDERS: WAR of 1812

Sir James Yeo
Portrait by A. Buck.

Sir Gordon Drummond
Portrait by Berthon in J. Ross Robertson Collection Toronto Public Library

Sir George Prevost
Painting in Archives of Canada

The troops alone on board are variously given from 750 to 1000 rank and file. Wood says he took 750, Dr. Canniff says "about 1000 men were embarked." From enemy sources, Niles Weekly Register of June 11, 1813, "at least 900, most probably 1200." They consisted of detachments from 100th., the Royal Scots, the 8th. (the King's Regiment) the 104th. (New Brunswick) Glengarry, Voltigeurs (French Canadian) and Royal Newfoundland Regiment.

It seems fairly certain from all the evidence available that the Newfoundland detachment mentioned was a distinct party from the Newfoundland soldier-seamen or marines on the vesels that accompanied the expedition. Prevost to Bathurst on June 1st, 1813 designated the ships as the "Royal George," "Wolfe," "Moira," "Beresford," "Sir Sidney Smith" and numerous other smaller ships (Wood Vol. 2) According to Lieut-Col. Cruikshank's Documentary History there were 118 Rank and File, 4 Subalterns, 4 Sergeants and 4 drummers from the Newfoundland Regiment on some of the ships at that time.

ships (Kingsford) But Gov. Prevost was the leader of all branches — seamen and soldiers — and went forward with the advance. This was a second and successful attempt. The first was foiled because "at daybreak . . . the boats were so scattered that they were unable to effect a landing (Lieut.-Col. Cruikshank) they did, however, capture twelve barges from the enemy on the way to Sacketts Harbour from Oswego. As William Kirby says a half century ago in his "Annals of Niagara":—

"Where wild Oswego spreads his swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

The affair might have had a different ending if the ships had been able to co-operate. But a despatch from an officer — Robert McDonald to Capt. Freer says: "Most unfortunately calm and baffling winds made it impossible for the ships to cooperate (cited in Lieut-Col. Cruikshank's Doc. Hist.) The men had to be transported fifteen miles from the object of attack. (Brenton in his Memoirs of Gov. Prevost) and later the fleet was out of reach to render any assistance in battering them. (Ibid)

Once ashore, all ships concede that the British force drove all before them. Brenton says "By a spirited advance driven the enemy before them . . . and had forced them to retire towards their works and loopholed barracks." This is no better put than in General

(Continue don Page 35)

WE HAVE RECEIVED

Rhymes of a Newfoundlander, by A. C. Wornell, $1.30.

In a foreword to this second volume of poetry published by Mr. Wornell (the Monarch of the Grump being the first) Hon. J. R. Courage says:

"I believe that this little volume will be enjoyed by all who like Newfoundland poetry . . . only one who has known and loved the Newfoundland outports and their people could have written these poems . . . anyone who wishes to know life in outport Newfoundland cannot do better than to see it through the eyes of Abe Wornell."

Skipper Jarge is a character typical of many Newfoundland outports and his sense of humour is evident when he meets the parson and gives him an opportunity to test his skill with his "long-tom."

"He took his long tom off the rack.
And though he did admire her
She had been loaded such a spell
That now he feared to fire her."

But he seems to have had no qualms about letting the parson experiment for after placing a bottle on the fence "To test the parson's aim" his reverence—

"With trembling hand which lately held
The works of Aristotle,
He took the heavy swillin' gun
And aimed it at the bottle.

With the result that

". . . all his Greek philsoophy
Could not avert the pain
Which followed when the gun recoiled
And knocked him in the drain.

But one could quote at length from this volume of 62 pages of homely Newfoundland verse which is divided in two parts "Dealing with Newfoundland Themes" and "In Sundry Moods." This little volume would make a treasured gift for exiled Newfoundlanders as well as those at home who enjoy the homely philosophy of outport life.

Copies may be obtained by writing Mr. A. C. Wornell, Topsail Road, St. John's, enclosing $1.30 or to the *Quarterly*.

Imprint of the Maritimes, by J. E. Kerr. (Christopher $4.00).

Retaining some of the old country customs to blend with present day progress, the Atlantic Provinces have delevoped a unique culture all their own. Through the years, many of these people or their descendants have crossed the border into the United States where they were easily assimilated into the American way of life. A great number have gone on to become famous in their fields.

"Imprint of the Maritimes" records and summarizes the lives of one hundred of these notables of similar heritage, who have achieved distinction in the United States from the beginning of the twentieth century. A book full of incidents and personalities, it presents vivid impressions of the lives and activities of such well-known names as: Alfred Fuller, the original "Fuller Brush Man"; Academy award winning actor, Walter Pidgeon; presidential possibility, Justice William O. Douglas of the Supreme Court; playwright, John Murray Anderson; Bliss Carman, poet; Simon Newcombe, "leading astronomer of his time"; Nathan Cummings, founder in the midwest of a food distributing empire; as well as other big business barons, authors, college presidents, bishops and others in practically every field of endeavour. The author has tried not to be expert or exhaustive in preparing these biographies, but has attempted to give the reader candid closeups of important people whom we read about daily on the front pages of our newspapers.

Men and women whose grass-roots are in Canada's provinces will find pride in reading "Imprint of the Maritimes" as they read with pleasure the stories of people who have made their homeland proud to claim them as "native sons and daughters." Those who have no Canadian blood flowing through their veins will also enjoy this volume, for it brings to light some interesthing anecdotes in the lives of people whose names are immediately recognizable. This is a unique collection of exciting biographies which everyone will want included in their own personal library. —The Christopher Publishing House, 1140 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

FAREWELL TO BONAVISTA

Air: Molloy Asthore.

We understand that Mr. Tilly was born in Bird Island Cove, near Bonavista, and composed this song as he was leaving his native land on a sailing vessel to seek employment in the United States.

Gracefully floated the signal flag
And warned us we should sail,
And many hearts welcomed with joy,
The first breath of the Western gale;
Friends were there both young and old,
In that circle that closed around;
To say farewell that last time on earth,
On the deck of the outward bound.

We fast sped from the Western shores
Before a spanking gale,
And kept our way for an eastern course
Under low and heavy sail,
One young in years stood on the deck
And looked back with a bitter smile;
Farewell, farewell, the last time on earth
Thou frost and snow-clad Isle.

Dim and distant you look in my view,
Thou gloomy and rock bound shore,
Land of my childhood's home adieu,
On earth we will meet no more;
Yet on fancy's wing shall my heart come back
Far across the ocean's foam,
To the brightsome scenes of boyhood days
In my childhood's happy home.

At evening's close, when my toil is o'er
Then my mother may kneel and pray
To God to protest her only son
In that land so far away,
Though her prayers be good, she'll never behold
Her boy that's over the wave,
'Till her sun of life has forever set
And she sleeps in her silent grave.

Note—The above poem was written by Ernest Tilly, author of the series on Catalina "Memories of an Oldtimer."

FAVOURITES—OLD AND NEW

FIFTY YEARS AGO

By SPOKE SHAVE

Back in my boyhood happy days
I left dear Newfoundland.
I left my home and friends behind,
To see the world so grand.
I landed in a mining town,
Cape Breton by the sea,
I thought the life was really grand,
'Twas all so strange to me.

I went to work down in the mine
Where death is always near,
And many times I thought of home
And shed a silent tear.
When I had time to think a-while,
Things didn't seem so grand,
I cursed the day I went away
From dear old Newfoundland.

Yes, I was born in Newfoundland,
Down in Conception Bay,
A little place called Kelligrews,
I spent my boyhood days.
But now my youthful days are gone,
My steps are far more slow,
Than when I roamed the village green
Some fifty years ago.

I still can see in memory,
The fields wherein I played,
And I can see the little church
That stands down in the glade.
Fond memories they come back to me,
My heart is filled with woe,
For my childhood home where I used
to roam,
Some fifty years ago.

A lot of my old friends have gone,
Since I have been away.
I've often thought I would return,
And see them all some day.
But now I'm sure this cannot be
For I am old and slow
There is so few left to welcome me,
Now fifty years ago.

So in the sunset of my life,
I sit alone and dream,
In fancy I am there again,
Beside the old trout stream,
With flowers in bloom along its banks
And the wily trout below.
And that old green grove where I used
to roam
Some fifty years ago.

The old place now has changed a lot,
Not like it used to be,
But the dear old place where I was born
Will never change for me.
It still lives in my memory,
As I wander to and fro,
My boyhood days where I used to roam
Some fifty years ago.

Back in those care-free, happy days,
Still memory lingers on,
I still can see the old oak tree,
And hear the robin's song.
But all of this has long since gone,
And I am old and slow,
Oh that I could recall the days
Of fifty years ago.

God bless you, dear old Newfoundland,
Long may your people live,
Your place is always in my heart
It's all I have to give.
I only hope the day will come
Wherever I may be
When I grow tired of other lands
I may come home to thee.

And now to bring this to a close,
There is one thing I recall,
The days I fished the little brook
Around the old mud wall.
I never shall forget those days,
No matter where I'll be,
As long as that old river flows
Out to the deep blue sea.

NOTE.—The above poem, which may also have a good title in: "The Exile's Lament" was sent to the Contributing Editor by some old friends out on Long Island, New York. They say:

"A little while ago, I received the verses which are enclosed. They appealed greatly to me. Perhaps they stirred memories of home and boyhood. The author (A.N.) is from Kelligrews; but spent all his working life at New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, mining coal. He is old now and has time to write his friends."

It was about fifty years ago that the first great migration from Newfoundland to the Nova Scotia coal mines, and other places, took place. The Contributing Editor well remembers being taken down these mines referred to by A.N. in his poem. Even though very young, the dismal scenes left an impression on me. The sentiments expressed in these ten verses can be well understood by the thousands of Newfoundlanders abroad.—Robert Saunders.

FOR OTHERS

By MARTHA E. BUTLER

How many seeds of kindness sown
At close of this new day
To blossom in the path we tread
But once we pass this way.

How many times a little light
May trace some unknown way
To walk with the burden bearer
Not one mile, but all the way.

How many times a happy smile
Like sunshine at mid-day
Will dry the mist of loneliness
To see the brighter way.

How many times to lend a hand
Some gracious words to say
Pour in some oil, to heal the wounds
But once we pass this way.

How many times we too have failed
To seek the narrow way,
A page on file for good or ill
Was written yesterday.

NATURE THROUGH A CHILD'S EYES

NATURE as seen through a child's eyes is a world of wonder and fascination . . . a world of fresh and undreamed-of surprises. Through the unclouded lenses of the eyes of children, the most commonplace events of nature are sharply focused on impressionable and receptive minds.

A seed travelling on the wind on a silken parachute . . . a spider web glistening with droplets of dew . . . the chirping chorus of crickets in the autumn dusk. These are wonders of nature that capture a youngster's imagination and spark his curiosity.

Where did the seed come from? How did the spider build its web? How do crickets sing? Finding the answers to questions like these helps a child develop an awareness of the complexity and beauty of his world—helps broaden his understanding of the essential value of all living things and of the landscape upon which both he and they depend for life.

But keen though the questing eyes of children may be, their powers of observation alone cannot provide sound answers to the tantalizing questions about nature that arise in their minds. Answers to these very questions have come to mankind slowly. It has taken literally centuries of painstaking observation by a host of naturalists and careful research by many scientists. Even today, bits of knowledge are steadily being added to gradually clarify some of nature's still existing mystries.

How, then, can the natural curiosity of a child concerning the world about him best be satisfied and nurtured? How can his eager search for answers, his enthusiastic probing of nature's secrets be encouraged?

Some 50 years ago, a pioneer project in nature education was begun, in order to help children learn about the world of nature. The Audubon Junior Club program was started by the National Audubon Society. Its method: to provide parents and teachers with guidance in giving their children first-hand experience in exploring nature. In this way, children could not only be given expert assistance in interpreting what they saw but also they could be shown how to observe more widely and accurately.

It was the conviction of the Audubon Society that if America's precious natural resources were to be conserved and wisely managed, the nation's children would have to develop early in life, an appreciation of their importance. The Society wisely decided that the best starting point was the child's own budding awareness of his surroundings. Each year the Junior Club Program is designed to instill in children a love and respect for all of nature. The concepts of good conservation can be readily understood at a later date by a child who is concerned about the world of nature, of which he is a part.

To date, the lives of some 11,000,000 children have been enriched through Audubon Junior Clubs. Some of America's top-flight naturalists and conservationists were inspired to their life work by Junior Club activities in their formative years.

How does the Audubon Junior Club program work? To begin with, most of the Clubs are formed in school classrooms. Club projects are carefully planned to fit in smoothly with the classroom work of the elementary grades. Teachers are enthusiastic about the added value of the

material in elementary science, social studies, creative arts, and even arithmetic. Many clubs have been formed in groups like the Cub Scouts or Brownies. Parents have occasionally organized a club themselves, but more frequently they help organize them within an existing group of children. Ten or more children, plus a leader, are required to form a club. Each child pays a nominal fee of 25c. which gives him a real sense of belonging to the group and which also helps defray part of the costs of the material.

The leader receives free, a guide that describes a number of basic projects for the club's use, such as making a terrarium or an aquarium. It also contains an invaluable list of reference books and guides on conducting the club program.

The key to the year's activities, however, is found in a set of Project Sheets, sent to the club leader at regular intervals. During the coming year, five Project Sheets will be issued on Trees, Birds, Insects, Flowers and Mammals. These sheets give basic information on each subject and list many fascinating activities for the club to enjoy.

Each child receives a Junior Club Scrapbook, divided into sections, that correspond to the subjects covered by the leader's Project Sheet. The scrapbooks are profusely illustrated with colored pictures of birds, animals and plants, as well as with line drawings, and each section contains descriptive material and projects. The Scrapbook is a sort of framework. Each child fills it with his own highly individualistic pages containing clippings, stories and a record of nature observed through a child's eyes.

Write National Audubon Society, 1130 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, New York, for particulars about forming a Junior Audubon Club.

We are happy, not in what we possess, but in what we have that others can't get—Sel.

THE RUFFED GROUSE IN CENTRAL NEWFOUNDLAND

THE ruffed grouse have been in central Newfoundland for almost three years and it appears that they might remain for many more years to come. According to Mr. Donald Miller, Central biologist, this fine forest type game bird has reproduced and spread out to a distance of ten miles from the original release site near Badger.

Grouse nesting actively was observed for the first time in Newfoundland during this past season, although it is known that the birds had successfully nested during their first breeding season in 1957. Two nests were found in May, 1959, one with 13 eggs and the other with 14 eggs. The nest with 14 eggs successfully hatched on June 9 but the one with 13 eggs was destroyed by the freak snow storm of June 23 when a brood of seven, healthy, half-grown grouse were flushed near the release site. These seven birds were probably from a third nest.

Each spring since the original release of 38 grouse near Badger a drumming count census of the male grouse has been made by Wildlife Division personnel of the Department of Mines and Resources. The male grouse drums by beating his wings producing a sound not much different than a distant railroad speeder. He does this to attract females and to warn other male grouse of his territory. In the spring of 1957 ten different male grouse were heard drumming, in 1958 six and in 1959 twelve. No drumming grouse were heard more than two miles from the original release site in 1957 and 1958. However, in 1959 three birds were heard drumming at distances of two to seven miles from the release site.

Although the ruffed grouse appears to be progressing favourably in the Badger area they still need protection. This protection must come from the co-operation of the public. According to Mr. Miller some individuals will insist on endangering the grouse population by setting rabbit snares within the boundaries of the area closed to such snares, despite frequent announcements and conspicuous signs. The grouse are very vulnerable to rabbit snares because they travel long distances on the ground searching for food in areas frequented by rabbits.

It is hoped that the Ruffed Grouse, favourite upland game bird on the mainland, has come to Newfoundland and established a permanent residence.

THE POSTMAN KNOCKS

Sir,—Your Royal Visit supplement and June edition of the *Newfoundland Quarterly* is a much treasured edition historically.

There are so many fine articles, how is one to pick one more than another. The two that impress me most are Dr. Robert Saunders' article "The Greenspond Saga in History." This should be compounded in booklet form for the public archives. The other is Senator John Higgins' "How the Rule of Law came to Newfoundland." This is all the more authoritative as Sentator Higgins has spent his life in the active Bar Association of Newfoundland.

I like Ernest Tilley's memory of "Old Times," as well as "We go Cod Jigging" by Adelaide Leitch. It has a Newfound land smack to her story.

I am interested in Captain George Whiteley's, C.B.E., story, as he mentioned a Mr. Ford whom I met as an old man in 1921 at Port Burwell, where he was at the Hudson's Bay House as an interpreter.

The financial problems of Newfoundland at the time of Confederation by Dr. R. Saunders throw a new light on the politics of that day.

Cabot Island mentioned by Dr. Robert Saunders in his Greenspond Saga and Anspac's history (1799-1824) show an English colony existing about 1673 in Greenspond, Newfoundland. A reference —"Bonavista Cape and Bay" so called by John and Sebastian Cabot brings strongly the written and spoken tradition of Cabot's landfall at Cape Bonavista.

Some day a writer will be found in Newfoundland like "White and Gold," by Costain, whose "French Canada" is a masterpiece of research and easy reading—where dedicated historian and romantic writers blend. Prowse combined these two very well. Mr. Albert Perlin's book on "Newfoundland" is a fine book for reference of the last hundred and fifty years of Newfoundland, but only of interest to the period picture of the political background of Confederation, and is no doubt the most accurate record of the transactions that took place since 1949 in Newfoundland.

I am looking over the Exeter notes sent me by Dr. Robert Saunders, and the beginning of new life in Newburyport of Boston Bay, and its connection with Newfoundland, especially Renews, and early navigation. These show the names of the vessels sailing from Exeter to Newfoundland long before 1583. The Jackman family were Exeter people, as were the Jackman's of Renews, Newfoundland, and Newburyport in Boston Bay—are from Exeter and the same people.

Lots of luck.

L. J. Jackman, M.D., C.M., Montreal.

* * *

Sir,—My subscription to the "good old *Quarterly*" must be due again by now—so I am enclosing one dollar for another year. Our family has taken the *Quarterly* for years and it gets better all the time.

Please advise if I can secure an extra copy of the June issue as I would like it to send my brother Frank Hutchins, at Port Arthur.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. Thomas Hunt, (Jr.) Greenspond.

* * *

Sir,—Enclosed please find our subscription for 1959. I am sorry I am so late but I just forgot, we would not be without it for anything. Please print the following:

The Newfoundland Association of Vancouver held its annual picnic on August 15th. We had a grand time, Mr. Jack Gosse from Spaniard's Bay is President for the coming year, and Mr. Harold Dawe from Bay Roberts is Entertainment Manager, and he surely knows how to keep the members entertained.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Isaac Hutchings, Vancouver.

Editors Note—We are always pleased to receive reports of the activities of Associations of Newfoundlanders abroad and would be glad to receive photographs of group activities. Readers at home are delighted to see such pictures of friends.

* * *

Sir,—I hope you will pardon me for venturing to trouble you with a problem you may be able to solve without too much difficulty.

As a small boy I was brought to these shores on the "S.S. Arizona", arriving during Oct. 1890. As the ship approached the iceberg region I distinctly recall the sharp lookout maintained; the talk about its sister ship of the Guion line having smashed into a berg and, with its bow crushed, the captain had managed to bring his ship into the harbor of St. John's without the loss of a single life. The sister ship talked about was the "Alaska."

Commander Gibbs of the British navy, in his interesting book "Passenger Liners of the Western Ocean," page 205, states it was the "Arizona" that collided. I wrote to the Commander calling his attention to what I believed was an error of fact. He replied that his statement

was correct; that people often confused the two ships; that he had a photograph of the ship taken after the collision.

It is for me hard to understand this contradiction. Surely the records at St. John's can supply the answer. I would greatly appreciate a statement from you of what the record is. I would be happy to send you a subscription.

Sincerely yours,
Richard Harris.

Cathcart Road, Gwynedd Valley, Pa.

Ed. Note.—Can any reader supply the correct information?

* * *

(A CORRECTION)

Sir,—In your June number there is a very interesting letter from an esteemed gentleman whom I know by past correspondence. In his letter he says:

"I notice that Dr. Saunders has referred to a book entitled 'The Tenth Island." This was written by Dr. Frederick A. Cook'," etc.

I therefore send this brief note to "The Postman Knocks" fearing some of your readers might try to locate this book on Newfoundland by Dr. Cook, the explorer.

As all students of Polar Exploration know, Dr. Cook came back from the Arctic just before Robert E. Peary (accompanied by Captain Robert A. Bartlett of Brigus almost to the Pole) reached it. Dr. Cook claimed he had reached the Pole; but his claims were disproved by scientists as a fraud on the public.

Now "The Tenth Island," to which I referred in my "Greenspond Saga," was written by Beckles Willson a few years before Dr. Cook came into public notice. In my article I cite "The Tenth Island" and naming Willson as author. It was not long before a man in Ontario on reading my "Greenspond Saga" writes me that:

"Beckles Willson in the Tenth Island called the Newfoundland dialect one of the most marvellous composites on earth."

He therefore, possessing Willson's book, at once identified the author.

Dr. Cook's writings deal mainly with Arctic explorations, and a fair search brings up no evidence that Dr. Cook wrote anything on Newfoundland. But of course this may not be the final word!

In Willson's case he made no particular historical study of Newfoundland. It is simply a book produced from a visit to St. John's, interviewing certain leaders, collecting trade statistics and getting an introduction for the book from the then Premier, Sir William V. Whiteway. As students of Newfoundland history know, it is on a par with Don C. Seitz's "The Great Island," written some years later.

However, Willson does have a grasp on Newfoundland's problems of his day when he writes on the old "French Shore Question," thus: in "Fortnightly Review," Feb. 1901.

"The Newfoundland Question," 'Newfoundland's Opportunity," same magazine for Sept. 1899 and Newfoundland and the Hague Fisheries Award," Nineteenth Century, Oct. 1910, and too Willson was a prolific writer, thus: 'Nova Scotia" (1911); Quebec (1912); General Wolfe; Ypres, the Holy Ground of British Arms (1920) and others too numerous to take any further space here. If I am not mistaken, some of his writings are in the library of the Memorial University to which I have sent hundreds of books, especially on Canadian History.

Thanking you most sincerely in advance, I am,

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT SAUNDERS.

THE HARBOUR GRACE EXCURSION

It was on last Monday morning,
And the day being calm and fine,
For the Harbour Grace Excursion
With the boys to have a time.
And just before the sailors
Put the gang-way on the pier
I saw some fellow haul my wife
On board the Volunteer.

CHORUS

Oh me, oh my, I heard my poor wife cry;
Oh me, oh my, I'm half afraid I'll die;
Oh me, oh my, I heard the creature say;
I wish I never came on this excursion
to the bay.

We had full two hundred souls on board,
Oh what a splendid sight—
And Matt Strong in regimentals
For to make our spirits light.
Sure myself was in a double
From the funny things he'd say,
They will choke themselves from laughing
When they see him in the bay.

Oh, the creature got no better,
Oh, my wife, my darling dear,
And the screeches from yours truly,
You could hear in Carbonear.
I tried every place in Harbour Grace,
Searched every store and shop,
To get her something for a cure
To take her to the hop.

Oh, she died below the Brandies
As we were coming back,
I buried her in the ocean
Wrapped up in the Union Jack.
And now I am a single man
In search of a pretty face,
And the girl that says she'll have me
Sure we're off for Harbour Grace.

Years ago it was customary to run excursions from St. John's in one of the steamers on a holiday and the above description is of one of those excursions. The author is unknown.

HISTORY GIVES GASPAR CORTEREAL CREDIT FOR CABOT'S DISCOVERY OF NEWFOUNDLAND

(From the Montreal Star)

Sir,—One of Montreal's familiar landmarks is Cabot Square, with its quaint monument to the famous explorer of the same name, to whom there is also a fine memorial tower in Bristol, England. (It has been said in fun that John Cabot first arrived in Canada from Bristol aboard a No. 150 bus (20 minutes late at the Atwater Street Terminal, and that he is still there waiting for a No. 105 to take him out to Montreal West.)

On the evening of the Fete de Saint Jean Baptiste, June 24 last, commuters who stopped at Cabot Square were afforded the exceptional opportunity of seeing the mayor of Bristol. The Lord Mayor had joined a few Newfoundlanders living in our metropolis and a number of citizens of Italian origin in placing wreaths on the monument. Newfoundlanders maintain that John Cabot discovered their island in 1497. It seems that the mayor had originally planned to unveil a bust of the explorer near Antigonish to commemorate his discovery of Cape Breton Island, but that the sculptor had not been able to finish his work in time.

Meanwhile, in Newfoundland, another controversy had arisen. Dr. G. O. Rothney, professor of history at the Memorial University, St. John's, had been admonished by the Curator of the Provincial Museum in the same city, for stating in one of the Canadian Historical Booklet series, dealing with Newfoundland, that "Cabot sailed west in 1497 but where he went nobody knows." The indignant Curator begged the professor (somewhat late) "not to destroy the traditions of Newfoundland (for) they enhance the value of our attraction for the tourist." He added that the local tradition was upheld by the inscription "C. Bona Vista a Cabota primum reperta" (Cape Bonavista first seen by Cabot) which appears on Captain John Mason's (1626) map of Newfoundland. Incidentally, Mason probably had in mind, not John Cabot, but his son Sebastian.

The subject is further complicated by the fact that J. B. Ramusio, who had corresponded with Sebastian Cabot, declares, in his great Collection of Voyages, first published in Venice in 1556, that it seems that a Portuguese, Gaspar Corte Real, "was the first captain to navigate in that part of the New World which runs towards the North and North West, opposite the inhabited regions of Europe." Historians and writers have failed to detect or to point out the implication of Ramusio's observation. The contemporary records are briefly summarized as follows:

John Cabot's voyages of 1497 and 1498 do not appear to have been followed up until after March 15, 1501, when King Henry the Seventh granted new letters patent to an Anglo-Portuguese syndicate, thus annulling, in effect, the rights which had been granted to John Cabot and his three sons. John Cabot had failed to find a route to China, and brought back neither gold, pearls nor spices. The Portuguese were now vigorously pursuing their exploration of the northern regions. Under a patent signed by King Emmanuel on May 12, 1500, Gaspar Corte Real headed for Greenland and, in the following year, discovered Newfoundland. On a map which was forwarded in the autumn of 1502 to the Duke of Ferrara by his envoy in Lisbon, Albert Cantino, the eastern coast of Newfoundland is unmistakably delineated, and is accompanied by the words "Terra del Rey de Portuguall" (Land of the King of Portugal). If, as it is surmised, John Cabot discovered Newfoundland in 1497, it seems that Henry VII should have refuted the Portuguese claim to this island. He does not, however, appear to have ever protested. On the contrary, the English king acknowledged the Portuguese title to the New Isle or the New Land, by right of discovery, by inserting a special clause in a second patent which he granted to the Anglo-Portuguese company on December 9, 1502.

This clause provided that the partners in the company should "in no wise occupy themselves with nor enter the lands, countries, regions or provinces of heathens or infidels 'first discovered by the subjects of our very dear brother and cousin the king of Portugal' or by the subjects of any other princes soever, our friends and confederates, and in possession of which these same princes now find themselves." England's hypothetical title to Newfoundland was thus abandoned very soon after John Cabot's voyages, and there seems no escape from the conclusion that the island was discovered, not by Cabot, but by Corte Real.

Gaspar Corte Real's claim to Newfoundland was ratified on January 15, 1502, by King Emmanuel in favour of Gaspar's brother, Michael. The claim was later transferred to Michael's brother Vasco Annes and ratified in 1506, and Portugal continued to proclaim its rights in Newfoundland until 1580, when the Portuguese crown was forcibly united to that of Spain. And when, in 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert pre-empted Newfoundland for Queen Elizabeth I, he ruthlessly transferred the Portuguese claims to England.

We need not do away with the various monuments to John Cabot and such designations as Cabot Strait, Cabot Trail or even Cabot Square. They should be preserved, not as commemorating indisputable discoveries, but as perpetuating the myths and traditions to which the mysterious Cabot voyages have given rise. —Montreal Star.

—YVES LAMONTAGNE.

HOLDS CRITICISM OF CABOT PUTS CART BEFORE HORSE

Sir,—"History Gives Gaspar Corte Real Credit Claimed for Cabot," is the heading in a letter published in your editorial page of July 27, 1959. This letter is misleading because it puts the cart before the horse.

The reason that Portugal sent Gaspar Corte Real to the new world was this:

All undiscovered lands in the New World following the discoveries of Christopher Columbus were divided by the Pope in the Treaty of Torsidellas between Portugal and Spain.

Europe became conscious that the English from Bristol—between 1490 and 1497, had discovered new lands, three years after the discovery by the Bristol Seaman and John Cabot, and Robert Thorne and Hugh Elliott. The Portguese decided then in 1500 to send out to the New World to determine if these lands belonged to them or not.

(The Bristol merchants needed salt for their fisheries, used Portugal as their source, and were friendly with the Portuguese.)

When the voyages of 1497 and 1498 of John Cabot proved that these new lands were not "the Spice Islands and lands of Cathay" and were not populated and of no trading value—Henry the Seventh of England—seeing only the value of the fisheries in the New World, lost interest in the discovery. The merchants

HOLDS CRITICISM

of Bristol were shrewder and dealt with the Portuguese.

For 85 years no question arose, till after the Spanish armada, then England claimed title to Newfoundland. In the meantime from 1497 onward in Trinity Bay—the west coast fishing industry of England gave the first land grant to John Sheppard—on Sheppard's point in 1498, in perpetuity for staying in Catalina in the winter of 1497—following John Cabot's landfall in or around King's Cove at Keels. Here the English people hid out for one hundred years almost, till they were strong enough to take over completely the area from Cape Bonavista to Cape Race. Therefore Gaspar Corte Real fits into the picture, as one who confirmed John Cabot's discoveries and those of the west coast of England fishermen—but was not the original discoverer.

The editorial policy of *The Montreal Star* is not to be commended on its making a laughing stock of those who honor John Cabot as the discoverer of North America and Canada. It is a sad day, when those who are to defend English culture in Montreal allow ridicule and distortion of historical facts to creep into what is usually one of the best editorial pages among Canada's press.

No Newfoundlander should sit idly by and allow its storied past to be torn to shreds, by distortion of its traditions and its proud and treasured history—disclaimed in any way whatsoever.

These jibes did no credit to the Lord Mayor of Bristol or to the Italian community of Montreal either.

Criticism will not deter the celebrating of John Cabot's landfall on June 24, 1497, the feast of St. John the Baptist. If Montreal does not want it—then Ottawa should have the courage to celebrate June 24th as the date of Canada's discovery.

—DR. L. J. JACKMAN.

PILGRIMAGE

By SIR WALTER RALEIGH

(It is said to be written shortly before his execution)

Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation:
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll make my pilgrimage.

HISTORICAL RECORDS OF HARBOUR GRACE

By (Mrs.) May Davis

The year 1832 was one of the most eventful ones in the early history of Harbour Grace. Notes at hand record progress in government, packet boats, sealing ships, etc., and startling news of a cholera scare and the great conflagration of that year.

On the 6th of March the first sealer got away to the icefields. This was the brig "Elizabeth." Capt. Stephen Johnston, and he is described as a most successful seal killer, and a native of Bay de Verde. Capt. Johnston died suddenly on board his vessel at Pitts wharf which is said to have stood just west of where in later years M. T. Jones conducted a business and which building was destroyed in the 1942 fire.

On March 9th a vessel was seen in Conception Bay and was believed to be a sealer. Curiosity, and probably anxiety brought all hands to the Lookout (so well known to Harbour Gracians) and also to Mosquito Hill to see if the vessel could be identified. As she got nearer a boat was put off and the Captain of the ship, the "Elizabeth Maria" from Brigus, informed the enquirers that a man had been accidentally shot by another while firing at a seal on the day after he had reached the ice. The Captain returned with the man whose arm was later amputated by Dr. Stirling of Harbour Grace, assisted by a doctor from Brigus and one from Port de Grave. The ship had 27 seals on board and she returned to the ice on the following day. The sealers all got away before the 17th of March and the wind is reported to have been from the southwest all that time.

On March 6th a man named Brazil was drowned at Spaniards' Bay while crossing the ice at that place.

What is termed as the "most glorious news" and certainly important and gratifying to the people of Newfoundland was that which arrived by the brig "Caroline" in the month of March. In a letter to Mr. Robert Pack of Carbonear, chairman of the Public Commission from G. R. Rob-

Products of Number Ten

New industries in Newfoundland are adding a fresh quality and impetus to the economy of the Atlantic Provinces.

In factories and plants across the Island Province local workers are turning out products that are second to none in Canada — high-styled knitted dresses, work clothes, boots and shoes, handbags, batteries, candy and chocolate bars, plywood, particle board, gypsum board, cement, machinery and motion pictures.

"Made in Newfoundland" is becoming more and more a symbol of quality and durability, gaining growing acceptance across the Canadian nation of which the Island became the Tenth Province just ten years ago.

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

GOVERNMENT OF NEWFOUNDLAND

ST. JOHN'S

NEWFOUNDLAND

ertson, M.P., of England, it was learned that the British Government had granted the petition of the people of Newfoundland and had issued a Commission to Sir Thomas Cochrane "by which he will be empowered to summon a Representative Government." This was the first news to reach Newfoundland, but despatches from London a few days later confirmed the fact.

Dr. William Stirling, who had been chairman of the public meeting held at Harbour Grace, on October 4th, 1831, regarding this petition, now asked the Sheriff, Mr. Nicholas Stabb, to call a public meeting, which he did. This was held at the Market Place (which place cannot be identified by the writer) on Saturday morning, March 31st. Various speakers expressed the satisfaction of the people at the gratifying outcome of the petition from which they felt sure many benefits would accrue to the Island. Mr. J. L. Prendergast then proposed that April 24rd be acclaimed as a public holiday as a day of rejoicing.

St. Patrick's Day

Written in the rather elaborate style of that day is an account of the reunion of the members of the Benevolent Irish Society on March 17th.

"The sealers all being away and the festival of St. Patrick must be observed, and on this date the members of the Benevolent Irish Society held their reunion at the "Waterford Arms."

The Waterford Arms was the scene of many social events of those years, for we find it mentioned here and there in our notes. To continue: "At eight o'clock that evening some forty members and their guests sat down at a table laden with the rarest and choicest delicacies of the season. The room was beautifully adorned with exquisite ornaments and on the walls hung a full length portrait of the patron saint of Ireland as well as numerous oil paintings of picturesque scenery, the whole being lit with dazzling splendour.

"Among those present were Dr. William Stirling, the president, who took the chair and was supported on his right by Very Reverend Father Ewer, and on his left by Rev. Dr. Macklin, Mr. William Innott assisted as vice-president and was supported by Rev. Father Nolan and Rev. Father Bernie. Mr. Robert Pack of Carbon-

ear. Mr. John Stark and James Bayley of Harbour Grace were present and made brief speeches. Toasts were later in order and the list was a long one. The gathering broke up at 3 a.m., but some stayed on until 'chanticleer made salutation to the morn'."

These were happy days and it is doubtful if any such gatherings of the present day could equal such reunions in joviality and good fellowship.

Wesley Methodist Annual Meeting

At some time during this year, probably in the early summer, the annual meeting of the Wesley Methodist Mission was held at Carbonear and it was then noted that the Mission was growing. The stations for the year were announced as follows: St. John's, Rev. John Haig; Harbour Grace, Rev. John Tompkins; Carbonear, Rev. Richard Knight; Blackhead, Rev. W. Wilson; Port de Grave, Rev. J. Picker; Western Bay, Rev. R. Sheppard; Island Cove and Perlican, Rev. G. Nightingale; Hants Harbour, Rev. Charles Bates; Trinity, Rev. W. Faulkner; Bonavista, Rev. Wm. Ellis, and Brigus, Rev. John Eldon.

Visit of Bishop of Nova Scotia

The date has faded from our notes, but at some time in 1832 the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia arrived on a Sunday morning at Harbour Grace by H.M.S. "North Star." With the Lord Bishop was the Venerable Archdeacon of the Island, Rev. Charles Inglis. The Lord Bishop visited Carbonear on Sunday morning and held a Confirmation at the Church of St. James and in the evening delivered an impressive address at St. Paul's, Harbour Grace.

Thunderstorm

On July 18th, during a heavy thunderstorm the home of Mr. Joseph Lundrigan at Upper Island Cove was struck by lightning. Providentially, none of the inmates were injured, but at Bread and Cheese Cove (now Bishop's Cove) three sheep and a pig were killed by "the fluid."

The Plague of Cholera

The disquieting news of the spread of cholera, or Asiatic Plague has been giving our friends a lot of anxiety. The cities of New York, Montreal, Quebec and Boston, also Liverpool and other ports in England have been declared infected and cannot be given bills of health. There is such close and intimate intercourse with these places that the whole population is aroused, fearing the spread of this sickness in this island.

A meeting was held in the Court House on July 9th to discuss the best means of averting the cholera in this town. Mr. Stabb was called to the chair and read a communication from James Crowdy, the Colonial Secretary, to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fleming, the Roman Catholic Bishop, who was taking a very prominent part in looking after the welfare of the community. Resolutions passed in St. John's were also read at this meeting. Mr. Thomas Ridley, Rev. Mr. Ellis, James Hippisley, George Hippisley, Mr. Mayne, Dr. Molloy and several others addressed the meeting. A resolution appointing a committee of 35 was adopted to instruct all the inhabitants of the danger. Another resolution was passed also authorizing that subscriptions be raised for a hospital

The whole country was alarmed and meeting after meeting was held at Harbour Grace, Carbonear, Western Bay and all taking precautions fearing that the terrible epidemic which is causing such havoc elsewhere would reach here. The town of Harbour Grace was divided into seven wards. Mr. Alfred Mayne to act as treasurer.

On July 27th we note that Port de Grave, Brigus and Carbonear were taking measures to prevent the introduction of the disease. The meeting at Port de Grave was held at the Gaol Mound and R. J. Pinsent was made president. A list of that committee includes Rev. Charles Blackmore, Rev. Mr. Pickerant and Thomas Martin as treasurer. It was resolved that a house at Upper Island Cove belonging to Thomas Bowes be appropriated as a cholera hospital.

At Carbonear a meeting was held with Robert Pack as chairman and Thomas Newell as secretary. A large committee was formed and they met at the home of Moore and Branscombe. It was arranged that a large hall, painted yellow, be erected on Samuel Baker's Room on the south side for the purpose of directing vessels to come to anchor on the quarantine grounds.

At Western Bay a large committee was formed for the same purpose. A select committee composed of Rev. Wilson and John Rorke and others was formed. A list of subscribers to the Harbour Grace Hospital Fund is too long to publish here but among the familiar names are Lee Whiting, Hanrahan, Morris, Keefe, Brown and

(Continued on Page 35)

WHEN NFLD. HELPED

(Continued from Page 17)

Brown's (See photo here) message to the Secretary of War in Washington, regarding the action of the militia in particular when he says:

"My orders were that the troops should close and reserve their fire. My orders were in this case disobeyed. The whole line fired; but in the moment — to my utter astonishment — they rose from their cover and fled. Col. Mills felt in brave but vain endeavour to stop his men" (Niles Weekly Register, June 1813).

Even at this time of near success, the British fleet were still out of reach to render any assistance. it was therefore an infantry conflict. Christie observes:

"The enemy dislodged from the woods and fled to their fort and blockhouses, whither they were pursued by the British who set fire to their barracks."

The advance however, drained the resources of the less than 1000 regular warriors, and as Brenton says:—

"For the last attack . . . not more than 300 to 400 men could be assembled . . . It was however, made with intrepid gallantry. The enemy were driven from his position and forced to take shelter in the town."

However, either from previous orders from his superiors in London, or from a thought that the flight of the enemy was but a ruse to trap his force, Sir George Prevost then ordered a retreat. There is abundant evidence that the Governor had orders not to risk his force in any unwarranted assault on the enemy's strong points. Prevost was constanly reminded during the whole war to conserve his forces, at this Sacketts Harbour the men had been engaged for several hours, and had sustained a considerable loss.

Christie prints letters from the Duke of Wellington to Lord Bathurst. One says:— "I only hope that Governor Prevost will not be induced by a hope of trifling advantage to depart from a strong defensive position." And Bathurst then writes Prevost:—"You will take care not to expose His Majesty's troops to being cut off and guard against whatever might commit the safety of the troops placed under your command." (Christie Vol. 2). And on June 1st. Prevost wrote Bathurst:—

"Apprehensive that if I continued any longer in the enemy's port their Flotilla might return and meet our vessels encumbered with troops and inferior in numbers, I returned with the fleet. . . 150 prisoners and four officers taken." (Wood Vol. 2).

To officers on the spot and writers years after Governor Prevost's withdrawal from Sacketts Harbour on the eve of an apparent complete triumph was a mistake.

On the face of things it is apparent that the enemy had prepared a trap for the troops involved. General Brown (U.S.) wrote the Secty of War from Sacketts Harbour June 1st. that:—"Had not General Prevost retreated more rapidly under the guns of his vessels, he would never have returned to Kingston." (Niles Weekly Register June 1813).

Dr. William Canniff writing a century ago observes that:—"Prevost's mind became unsettled as to the ulterior design of the enemy." However, he continues:— "the enemy was fleeing, but one of these fearful mistakes occurred by which the British and Canadian troops lost a victory which had been won." The precipitate retreat of the Americans was misunderstood by Prevost, he thought it a trap set.

Brenton, who was Prevost's aide, wrote Captain Noah Freer from Kingston May 30th. that:— "It was thought even by the most sanguine that it would be best to abandon the attempt." (Cruikshank Doe Hart). And Brenton speaks of the principal officers and Sir James Yeo:— "had been consulted by him as to the expediency of persevering in the enterprise."

A clear statement of the position, doubtless known also at this time by Governor Prevost, is found in a letter of despatch from "Head of Lake Ontario" June 4th, by Capt. Robert McDonald to Brig.-Gen. Procter that:—

"It was supposed the garrison was small in consequence of their having detached so many men to Niagara—We found, however, upwards of 3000 men . . . Our gallant little band drove them into their works, which we found much too strong to carry with our small force without artillery and unassisted by our large ships."

With Gov. Prevost discretion was the better part of valour. Not so with all his officers, Col. William

General Brown.

Drummond, nephew of Sir Gordon (picture shown here) who led the 104th. (New Brunswick) regiment and whic hat Sacketts Harbour suffered the highest casualty of any single corps engaged (Wood Col. 2) is reported by Kingsford (who cited an enemy source) to have stepped up to Gov. Prevost and observed: "allow me a few minutes, sir, and I will put you in possession of the place." But Sir George replied: "obey your orders sir, and learn the first duty of a soldier." (Kingsford here cites General James Wilkinson, U.S. army at that time). Coffin adds:— "One of the brave Colonels in command exclaimed indignantly as he came up the ship's side: "If he would but give me my own regiment, I would yet land again, and have the place."

This illustrates the diversity of opinion at the time of the withdrawal. But a study of the Governor's instructions from the Duke of Wellington and Lord Bathurst shows that the Governor was acting under official advice. Christie prints a letter from Wellington to Lord Bathurst that "I only hope that Sir George will not be induced by any hope of trifling advantage to depart from a strong defensive position." And then Lord Bathurst writes Prevost "you will take care not to expose His Majesty's troops to being cut off, and guard against your command." (Cited in Christie).

Going back to the force then taken out of Sacketts Harbour the situation is placed most correctly by Christie that:—

minutes longer, the sloop of war then on the stocks, and the whole depot at Sacketts Harbour would have fallen into their hands." Of this Coffin says: "this is a mere opinion, springing partly from a jealous wish to disparage General Brown (US). See photo here.

However, it must be said that Gen. Brown himself right on the spot wrote the Secretary of War: "In the midst of the conflict fire was ordered to be set to the Navy barracks and stores. A Lieut. Chauncey (a relative of the Commodore) was brought before a court marshal for this affair, but was acquitted. (Niles Weekly Register, Oct. 9, 1813).

But the Governor's remarks to Col. Drummond in Sacketts Harbour were certainly not fair to a regiment

Cross Belt Plate of 104th N. B. Regiment

Cross Belt Plate of Royal Newfoundland Regiment

"A prolonged contest, or even a gale of wind forcing the fleet off the land might seriously endanger the retreat and safety of our troops and this at a time when every soldier was of consequence to the safety of Upper Canada."

Yet General Wilkinson (US) in his memoirs observes:— "If our (British) troops had persisted twenty —the 104th—that had marched on snowshoes overland in the dead of winter from New Brunswick to Quebec. All New Brunswick historians take great pride in the feats of their own "104th" in this war, at Sacketts Harbour their casualty list of seventy-eight men was the highest of any Corps engaged. The Newfoundland Regiment had eighteen.

Kingsford observes on Col. Drummond: "an officer of great dash and courage and possessed of high reputation even among distinguished soldiers who were his comrades. On the 15th. August he fell in the assault on Fort Erie.'

General orders from Kingston, May 30th, says: The detachment of the 104th. behaved with the utmost gallantry and spirit." (Arch c 1170 p 216, cited in Wood).

The same was said of the Royal Newfoundland, and it was no idle boast that:— "The detachment of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment behaved with great gallantry." (Adj.-Gen. Baynes to Prevost, Arch c687 p347 and Wood Vol. 2, Cruikshank. Doc. History.)

(See insignias of the N.B. and Newfoundland Regiments in picture here).

At Sacketts Harbour and a dozen other conflicts their record ought to be known at Ogdensburg a few months before Coffin says:— "The Newfoundland Re-

Commodore Chauncey.

giment . . . led the left column—as ever, were foremost in the fray." And David B. Read in his "Life and Times of Major General Sir Isaac Brock, published over half a century ago, and when there was no reason to notice them. Yet Read notes "the Newfoundland Fencibles, which performed such eminent service in the war of 1812."

"From camp to camp wherever danger drew,
Or battle storm, the royal standard blew,
They crowded in and ranked their brave array,
And revelled in the thickest of the fray.
(From Kirby's Annals of Niagara)

Of the loss at Sacketts Harbour, Christie says the loss though heavy on both sides was never correctly ascertained or reported. On the enemy side Cols. Baccus and Mills fell mortally wounded. On the British side Adjutant General Evans fell near the main works and could not be taken away with the other wounded.

The enemy fleet appeared off Kingston soon after the force had got safely back. Read in his Life of Brock inserts a pamphlet published in 1831 by a Canadian volunteer who writes in defence of Prevost that:—

"It has been stated that Sir George Prevost was cowardly, but this tale must be told to some other person than me to obtain the least degree of credit. What his motives were for retreating at this time I am not prepared to say . . . but I was an eyewitness of his bravery and courage."

Charges were preferred against Sir George and he journeyed to London for a court-martial. He died in London, however on 5th. Jan. 1816 a week before his trial and worn out in the public service. He had been Governor of St. Lucia, Dominica and Nova Scotia and Lieut. Governor of Portsmouth. Assisted in the reduction of Martinique for which the nation gave him a special gold medal (Irving), then finally Governor of Lower Canada. The King bestowed additional armorial bearings on the heraldic arms of the family and that by request of Lady Prevost after the death of Sir George. It seems a fair guess that had he lived he would have been honourably acquitted of the affair at Sacketts Harbour and Plattsburgh.

"What though no blazoned cenotaph, no sculptured columns tell
Where the stern heroes of my song, in death triumphant fell.
What though beside the foaming flood untombed their ashes lie—
All earth becomes the monument of men who nobly die."
(From a prize poem of George Murray in the New Dominion Monthly 1878-79).

(To be continued)

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OF SHIPWRECKS, Etc.

(Continued from Page 15

It was a beautiful moonlight night and, as I leaned against the old Block House, I lit my pipe and enjoyed my first smoke with so much fresh air. My return home was accompanied by thoughts of an old hymn "Forget the steps already trod, and onward press thy way."

The following Sunday afternoon, just after dinner, there was a knock at the door and I opened it to admit the Rev. Henry J. Adams of the Alexander Street Church. He informed me he was bound for the Lunatic Asylum and would I please go with him and play the music and lead the singing after which he would preach his sermon. It had been a bad night with plenty of snowdrifts but my heart took in the situation since the Asylum and the Convent were both located on the Waterford Bridge road and there was therefore a chance to find time to stop and see Lily if only for a few minutes. So, off we went, "dashing through the snow in a one horse open sleigh." On the way out I spied what I thought must be the Littledale Convent and Mr. Adams agreed whereupon I informed him that I had a very dear friend finishing her studies there and that her parents would be glad to know that I had called upon their daughters in spite of the wintry weather. Mr. Adams reluctantly agreed but cautioned me not to waste any time so I bounded up the steps of the convent and was ushered in by a rosy cheeked Sister and there in the middle of the room was the fair Lillian and soon we were encircled by a group of Sisters who beamed on us while we exchanged cordial greetings. Nothing beyond that as I presumed the Nuns had certain rules regarding law and order. That was the last time I saw Lily. The rest of the afternoon was spent at the asylum and I recall that as we were about to leave, one crazy old chap with an unholy gleam in his eye recognized me and inquired, "Boy, why aren't you in here with the rest of us?"

Further regarding Mr. Rockwell Kent's book. He has one wreck to record, that of the "Southern Cross" that dreadful night when so many hearts on shore waited for tidings of the doomed vessel. One rumor had it that she was seen in Placentia Bay, trying to work her way to some haven of refuge but the rumor was unfounded. I could not help thinking when reading this chapter of the old song from the Opera "Bohemian Girl." "The heart bowed down by weight of woe to weakest hopes will cling."

My first voyage to Lance-au-Loup which I notice Mr. Rockwell Kent has nicknamed "Nancy Lou," something I never heard of, was in the summer of 1880, when I was only eight years old. Accompanied by my brother Bob, who was twelve, we left our house on Monkstown Road early that Monday morning, arriving at Job's wharf only to find the vessel, a little Welsh schooner had left and was threading her way out the "Narrows." We jumped into a small boat and, assisted by some seamen at the oars, pulled vigorously to overtake our ship which we finally did somewhere outside of the harbor. Of the remainder of that voyage I can remember nothing, so seasick were us boys, except that I have a vision of several whales, on their way rejoicing, and a few icebergs. Another trip I remember was some years later when, in company with Miss Whiteley, a sister of Captain George Whiteley, we boarded the old sealer "Hector," with detachments of fishing crews for the Labrador. My conversation was limited as we were both seasick. Finally, they landed me during one night at Lance-au-Loup with my father's crew and as he was not expected to arrive within the month I spent the time "copying" on the ice, much of which was in the bay, fortified with a pair of long boots and a pole with a gaff hook at the end of it.

While I shall not see Newfoundland again I often think of her in connection with some lines from that old Latin hymn "For Thee, Oh dear Country, mine eyes their vigils keep."

Historical Records

(Continued from Page 29)

Stevenson. The published list totalled 97 pounds, 12 shillings, and Alfred Mayne signs as treasurer. The name of Mayne remained here for many years in Mayne's Lane, now Downing street and the Mayne Estate covered many buildings which have since disappeared.

Although the plague danger seemed very real, possibly because so many of its vessels called at ports where the infection was, there is nothing to show that it ever reached here. So exercised were the people over the possibility of the disease spreading here that when the clash of fire bells was heard on August 18th, 1832, all thoughts of that scare were banished with the much greater fear nearer home that came from the terrible conflagration, but of that we shall write in our next article.

THE HOUSE OF THE WATER SPIRITS

(Continued from Page 13)

his party proceeded north on it to Battle Harbour. From Battle Harbour they went up the coast by fishing schooner to Hamilton Inlet, the gateway to the Hamilton River and the Great Falls of Labrador. Bryant now proceeded to work his way up the Hamilton River. The party used two canoes propelled by the French-Canadian boatmen and the Indians. After much hard paddling and several portages, Bryant reached a point within thirty to forty miles of the Falls. Here Bryant and his expedition had to leave the River and press on along its rocky and precipitous banks. After a hard trip the Grand Falls were reached and Mr. Bryant was able to take several pictures, being the first man to do so. In the nearly fifty years since 1911 very few people have been able to reach and photograph the Falls by land—it is generally from the air that it has been successfully done.

Bryant and his party came out and reached Cartwright, over a month having elapsed since the expedition left Battle Harbour. The "Falcon" was there and Bryant and Porter went back by her to Philadelphia. There Bryant reported to the Philadelphia Historical Society and was able to display his pictures.

The two French Canadians went back to Quebec and the two Montagnais Indians returned to their tribe which had come out to St. Augustine on the South Labrador Coast. The tribe migrated from the interior each summer to meet their priest at the annual Mission.

After reaching Philadelphia, the "Falcon" took on a load of coal for the trip to St. John's. Mr. Bryant had given Captain Harry Bartlett, uncle of the famous Bob Bartlett, the privilege of having the freight for himself as a bonus. The ship left Philadelphia bound for St. John's and has never been heard of since—a total loss with all hands. This disaster was followed by the news of the death of the two Indians, Antonin and Silvest, of a sickness that spread amongst the tribe and killed several others.

I thought back to the old Chief who used to come to my father's store for his supplies and to sell his fur, and remembered his warning that no man would look on the Big Waters and live.

* * * *

"The House of the Water Spirits" is the Indian name for the Grand Falls of Labrador—this water fall is more than a wonder of nature, a sight to be gaped at —it is the living embodiment of a power of nature such as is seldom found—in so concentrated, mighty and lasing a form. Truly "The House of the Water Spirits."

The estimated power that can be developed is four million horsepower, and it is proposed to develop it, as soon as outlets for its use are found by the British Newfoundland Corporation (Brinco) or its subsidiary, the Hamilton Falls Power Corporation, in stages of approximately one million horsepower. It is hoped that the first stage may be underway in the not too distant future, at the Twin Falls.

The first man to photograph this fall was W. I. Bryant of Philadelphia. (See cover picture).

Traditions say the first man to see it was Lord Eckersley, an Englishman. He died on the way back and was found by a band of Indians. His companion Captain Jarvas was brought out alive by the Indians who found them on the verge of starvation.

THE GREENSPOND SAGA

(Continued from Page 11)

war. I think that Charles Chaytor was killed on the battlefield. But I may not be right . . . I do know Reginald Chaytor died as a prisoner of war in Germany. I am open to correction about any of those boys I have written you about."

Captain Lush is correct, according to my researches. But when I wrote my article I saw only one Chaytor on the names sent me. I then concluded it was Charles who died in Germany. It was Reginald, however, who died a prisoner of war in Germany—a brother of Eli Chaytor whom I know.

As a sample of the varied service of the Greenspond men, let us briefly look over what Captain Lush wrote me a year or more ago:—

"I was in England in the last war when France capitulated and was also there the time of Dunkirk. . . . I was there a second officer on a German ship that was captured at Botwood . . . went to England in convoy . . . Took over two trawlers as master of one in Fleetwood and Liverpool."

Captain Lush was in the Naval Reserve in World War I.

We show here a picture of Norman Chaytor (so kindly lent me by Mrs. Chaytor) Veteran of World War I. Wounded in Flanders. After his discharge from the army he moved to the Mainland, an accountant with a business firm.

We show here a picture of Harvey M. Brown (a nephew of Ralph Wright, whose work for us on this Greenspond Saga has been superb). Harvey served

all through World War II in the Royal Navy with the exception of a few months in the Forestry Unit. Was on his way home on leave the time of the "Caribou" disaster and was one of the survivors.

Walter Stratton (See photo here) son of Mr. & Mrs. Llewellyn Stratton. Served five years in the Canadian Navy. Saw service around Korea . . . part of time on ship "Athabaskan" (See photo here). Served on two ships in Korea—the "Crescent" and "Ontario." Was awarded the Korean medal also has medal from Royal Canadian Navy.

Reginald Bragg (See photo here) son of Skipper Mark Bragg. Was in 59th. Royal Artillery. Landed in Normandy, fought in Belgium and Holland, around Brussels and Antwerp. Also went to Hamburg and fought in the Battle of the Rhine.

Harold Butler attended Methodist College on a scholarship in 1912-13. Taught school. Proceeded to Montreal where he enlisted. Harold supplies other information which will be given full space in another article. It tells of his receiving Degree in Law in Detroit as well as being a Certified Public Accountant.

Maxwell Saunders of the Royal Artillery, World War II is son of late Thomas Saunders, Royal Naval Reserve in other days, also his brother Maxwell in Royal Navy, World War II.

Baxter Chaytor (See photo here) of Royal Navy, World War I, also Merchant Navy. Was well known in Newfoundland coastal trade. Now passed on.

Lockyer G. Carter, served mate. Served in Merchant Navy in South America, World War II. Son of Skipper Ned Carter, Ship Island.

To again recapitulate: Most of the men who fell in World War I were in the Regiment. But a list of all who served in World War II shows about 16 each in Royal Navy and Merchant Navy; five in Royal Artillery, and eleven in Forestry Unit overseas etc. etc.

To say a word on the Memorial Library: A letter to me in 1951 says: (after mentioning Edward Wheeler, since passed on, and Cecil Carter, J. P. as taking great interest in it) that.

"As you probably know, I have assisted with the formation of the library since the idea began nearly four years ago, and we deeply appreciate your gifts of books."

I would not wish to take any credit for the library in preference to the men on the spot in Greenspond who did superb work; but under date 1953, I get a letter that:

"I believe it was you who first made the suggestion to have a Memorial Library erected in honour of the boys etc."

A fitting ending is an extract from an old Scottish poem in the Celtic Monthly, March 1913 that:

"While we talk about our Empire,
Upon which the sun ne'er sets,
We too oft forget the builders,
And unpaid remain our debts."

"Britain—small would be thy glory
Hadst thou not such men as these—
Writing with their blood the story,
Over continents and seas."

Thanks are again due Ralph Wright and Captain Llewellyn Lush especially and others who at times would not wish to be named.

(To be continued)

MEMORIES OF AN OLDTIMER

(Continued from Page 7)

This time we had better luck and between us we got twelve fish in about half an hour.

"That's enough," Bill said, "We will go in now; we have a lot of work to do to-day."

I got two fish, one a good big one, the other fair-sized. Mother was glad to get them as they were the first of the season. She was glad of the herring I brought, too.

The fishing began in earnest about the twelfth of May. A few of the big boats had been outside as far as the Haypooks. In early May salted squid or herring were used for bait. They had fair luck and reported a good sign of fish everywhere. The days of the Bait Skiffs were past but everyone was fishing by the end of May. The caplin struck in soon after and there was good fishing all summer.

I went out a few times with Bill and Sam in the new Bully, which sailed like a witch. They were very pleased with her; she was not too big to be rowed but large enough to get along fast with her jib foresail and main sail. The Foresail and Mainsail were "Spread sails."

There was plenty of fish all summer and the most caplin for many years. I watched the Bakers haul their seine on shore in the dock, one afternoon, and when the foots were up and the seine dry, the amount of small shiny fish was almost unbelievable. There was enough to load a schooner. None went to waste, however, for not only were they the best bait for cod but, lightly salted and dried, they made good food for both the dog and his master. Also they made one of the best fertilizers I know for the crops of vegetables which everyone raises in Bird Islands. The Bakers took what they wanted; the rest were taken by anyone who needed them and they got them for nothing on,ly helping a bit with the care of the seine.

Between the three R's and father I was kept busy all the time but I still enjoyed myself. I remember one trip trouting particularly. Father had a Jolly Boat in on Jorden's Pond, the pond where you catch the biggest trout anywhere. Jim and I had one good day trouting there. The number and size of our catch surprised even father.

But I kept pretty busy around the waterside. Besides Jim was now fishing steadily this summer with Jim Hicks. I think that this was the year 1885, the year the first cod trap came to Bird Islands; it spelled the end of the cod seine. I think too that William Flynn and Israel Hill owned the first one to be set there. They trapped plenty of fish too this lush summer which was a lucky year for them. But the cod seine was gone, not to come back. I went out and had a look at their trap.

It was a big affair in two parts; the box square on three sides, the front V shaped. The leader led from the door out some three hundred feet or more. A strong mooring held the outer end in place; four other moorings held the corners of the box in position. The cod, always moving, would strike the mesh of the leader at an angle and follow along through the V and into the box trap. The square box would measure about 70 fathoms around the heads. It reached to the floor of the sea on which the bottom of the trap rested.

These traps could be set with good results near shore. Hauls of fifty quintals would be common in good fishing; four men were enough for a trap crew where it took seven men for a cod seine. Again, cod seining was far harder work and even a lot more dangerous. A trap generally stays all summer in one berth All the crew have to do as far as the trap is concerned is to haul two or three times each day. To cast a seine is a lot of work; to haul a trap much easier. One large punt and one small boat is a good setup, especially if the haul is likely to be large. The large punt lays across the door. The linnet is pulled up and aboard, the boat passing under and behind the punt which moves on until all the fish in the trap is forced to one of the far corners. Now the small boat ties to the heads opposite the hauling boat. When the fish is brought to the surface, if not enough to load the boats, it is dipped dry by a dip net and the trap re-set if more than a boat-load, a cod bag made of four inch mesh is temporarily tied to the heads, then you force the lip of the bag downward with a boat hook and the bag fills from the trap plus a little urging by the men in the other boat. You unfasten the bag, close the mouth and either moor it near the trap or tie to the corner mooring; the bag floats anyway.

With reasonably good fishing a trap is a good investment but the first cost is heavy and the cost of upkeep very high, especially in regard to the bottom, the mesh of which seems to tear very easily and it snarls badly in the bottom rocks, especially in a sea.

The first trap in Bird Islands got lots of fish that first summer, more even than they could handle and cure, yet none was wasted and the surplus went to those who found it hardest, for some reason, to make a livable voyage. But what happened later is another story.

(To be continued)

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Anyone having any or all of the issues of The "Newfoundland Quarterly" dated from July, 1901, Vol. 1, No. 1 to Dec. 1905, Vol. 4, No. 3 is asked to communicate with the Editor. We would also be interested in any issues up to 1949. Write

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